

ZION'S HERALD

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We do not sympathize with the familiar cant which throws the responsibility of every catastrophe upon the Almighty. We would not call every apparent human neglect a Divine providence or judgment. We believe God conducts his government over the world by exact and constantly operating laws, and if men break them, certain consequences ensue. Our minds and characters are developed and disciplined by the necessity of studying and conforming to these laws. Prayers do not remedy positive personal negligence, and God may not always be safely considered as directly bringing summary judgments upon a people, when a great calamity, growing out of perceptible natural causes, falls upon them. But on the other hand we have, if possible, less sympathy with a worse form of philosophic cant, which peremptorily bows God out of all these natural events. They have not occurred "without the Father." They are permitted in his overruling providence. They are a portion of the "all things" working together for good in the hand of an all-wise, almighty, and infinitely loving God. Events have not been snatched out of his hands by accident, neither have his beneficent purposes been thwarted by the ignorance or neglect of his creatures. Out of this evil God can cause to spring forth blessed results. The very fact that, with our clear knowledge of the action of the simple laws which occasion such a calamity as the present one, we cannot absolutely defend ourselves from it, is a wholesome as well as a humbling lesson for us to learn. We are taught how necessary it is, with all our diligence and intelligence, still to offer the simple and dependent prayer which Jesus taught us, for even the "daily bread." Boston cannot do without God, with all her wealth, pride, and courage. With all her granite, iron, and insurance she needs an omniscient defence. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The Evangelical Alliance—which is a voluntary, informal, international Christian conference, without constitution, by-laws, or creed, between Protestant churches accepting the central doctrines of the Gospel—is to meet next fall, in the city of New York. It has already held five sessions, these meetings taking place successively in London, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, and in Holland. By the invitation of the American delegates at the last session, in Holland, a conference was appointed to be held in 1870, in New York; but just as preparations for the meeting were completed in that city, the war broke out between France and Germany, creating so much anxiety among all the nations of Europe that it was thought impracticable to carry out the plan. The Conference has again been called. Dr. Philipp Schaff, the Secretary of the American Branch, has secured, during a late visit to Europe, assurances of attendance on the part of many of the leading English and Continental divines. All the Protestant sects will be represented, and honorable and reverend names from nearly every European State have already given personal or written promises that they will be present during the sessions of the Alliance. The privilege of seeing and hearing such men as Krummacher, of Germany, Oostersee, of Holland, Godet, of Switzerland, Pressensé, of France, Count Andreas Bernstoff, of Berlin, Prof. Constantine Von Tischendorf, of Leipzig, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, Dr. Eadie, of Glasgow, Dr. Rigg, of the Wesleyan Training School, the beloved William Arthur, with his "tongue of fire," Dr. Monod, of Paris, Dr. Angus, of London, the Waldensian Dr. Prochet, the Dean of Upsala, Sweden, Dr. Smith, the Dean of Canterbury, and many others equally well known and highly regarded throughout Christendom, will be one of no ordinary character. Public preliminary meetings are now being held in New York and vicinity, to set forth the design of the conference, to

prepare a programme of services, and to make provision for the expenses and entertainment of the guests of the occasion. Papers on practical Christian topics will be read, and open discussions will follow. Public meetings of a general character will also be held during the session of the Conference.

A public meeting was held on Wednesday, the 13th, of the citizens of Boston, in Tremont Temple. Although it occurred at noon, amid the confusion and excitement of the hardly extinguished fire, the large hall was well filled. The mayor, Hon. Mr. Gaston, presided, surrounded by the leading men of Boston, in all the walks of professional and business life. The gathering was a public conference, which was called, as in accordance with a general desire to consider the exigencies of the hour, to encourage one another, and to take counsel together. It was, in many respects, a remarkable and characteristic occasion. It was pervaded with a tender and subdued religious spirit, but was, at the same time, characterized by manly courage, buoyant hope, kindly charity, appreciation for expressed sympathy, but coupled with a determined resolution to bear, without flinching or outside assistance, the great burdens which had fallen so suddenly upon the city of their pride. No sentiments were so heartily cheered as those of the mayor and others, affirming the abundant ability, and the intention of the citizens of Boston to endure without complaint, and rise up under the fearful discipline to which she had been submitted. So far from sitting down depressed under the calamity, the first public movements recommended, were measures for improving the streets of the city, adding to its public edifices, and rendering its new buildings even more noble and better defended from the flames.

Rev. Laird Collier made an eloquent and touching speech, as he bore back from Chicago the generous return of her people, both of sympathy and money, for the remembrance of Boston in the hour of her fiery calamity. Excellent addresses were made by Senator Wilson, ex-Mayor Rice, Mr. Wm. Gray, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Judge Russell, and others. The whole temper of the occasion was submissive, hopeful, and determined. It is a dark day for Boston, but a brighter, better, and more beautiful city will be revealed when the sun once more rises upon its rebuilt walls.

One of the singular events of the late fire was the preservation from the flames of the Old South meeting-house. Its high wooden spire invited the flames from the towering *Transcript* building, while burning on the opposite side of Milk Street. Its windows are melted, or broken out by the concussion of buildings exploded in the vicinity, but it stands itself without any other mark of the fearful trial to which it was exposed, upon it. But its fate has come just as inevitably as by fire. Precedents, traditions and relics are of little value with us in this new England, and sentiment is a light weight when placed in the scale against fine gold. Business has been long crowding and fretting against the ancient brick walls of this venerable church. What mattered it if the first edifice on this site was built in the early years of seventeen hundred, and its former ministers were historical names; or that it stood as the one representative in Boston of Congregational Orthodoxy when the Unitarian controversy swept over New England; or that the eloquent and patriotic Warren poured out his stirring words within its walls; or that the great public meetings out of which were developed the Revolution and Independence of the country were held here, when the present importunities for money-making demand the valuable corner on which it stands! It is now about passing over into secular hands. It was

once a riding-school for British cavalry, and an extemporized theatre; it has been made again during the fire a barracks for soldiers guarding the exposed properties, and now for two years, to enable us to become accustomed to the desecration, it is to be the Post-office of the city. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

While our readers feel a general sympathy in the public suffering of Boston, they naturally have a special desire to know how far the fire will affect the denominational interests of the city. The pecuniary resources of all the membership in the city and vicinity are more or less, at least temporarily, affected by the fire. Many of the most generous supporters and donors in our churches have met with very severe losses, and some of the local societies will raise their incidental expenses at no little self-sacrifice on the part of the members. Several important movements for church building will have to be suspended probably for a time. The great public collections may be affected in a degree, not seriously, we think, nor for any considerable period. The Boston University suffers to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. This amount cannot be determined until the full value of the insurance is known, and the effect upon the real estate of any improvements in the streets is made apparent. There is, however, the certain, serious loss of income for the rents of the burned stores. All, however, whether personally or relatively affected, are more than submissive. There is a prevailing spirit of quiet trust and hopefulness. The Lord reigneth, and we all rejoice in this most comforting truth.

It causes a great throb of tenderness and gratitude to read the expressions, public and private, from all parts of the country, of sympathy in the calamity that has fallen upon us. The fact that our citizens are able to bear themselves, with heroic fortitude, the crushing burden that has fallen upon them, in no measure derogates from the nobleness and thoughtfulness of the charity that has been so liberally extended. These scenes of national and international sympathy bind us all together, and go far to create that great common brotherhood which will be the forerunner of "peace on earth." If we are not forced to accept money, our friends will not refuse to receive our honest thanks.

When we offered our hearty commendation of the *College Courant*, which is published as an advertisement in the *HERALD*, we had not seen the announcement of the name of the new editor, nor noticed the acrid spirit of its criticism upon orthodoxy. We have admired the independence and force of Mr. Towne's literary reviews, and the freshness and life of his editorials, but they have all been pervaded with a perceptible sneer at religious opinions which we hold important, and even sacred; and we have felt that the vivacity of the sheet was purchased at too dear a rate. We should have spoken of this last week, but our correspondent, Mr. Field, sent us his excellent article covering the ground, which was to have appeared in our last number, but was crowded out. Dr. Curry is out this week with a sharp thrust at the paper, and announces in his columns, a change in its editorial department; which means, we suppose, that Mr. Towne retires from its editorial corps. We trust equal ability and sprightliness will be secured by the vigorous publishers, coupled with soundness and wholesomeness of Christian faith.

The occasion of the delay in our paper last week was the removal of the post-office to new quarters, being burned out of the old. Our mail-bags could not be forwarded until Saturday.

Original and Selected Papers.

CHUM AND I.

BY JOHN R. GOODWIN.

We sat by the fireside, Sam and I,
Viewing together the vanished past;
For days and years that had drifted by,
Came floating back to memory's eye,
And scenes too bright to last.

Sam and I had known each other,
From the earliest morn of childhood's birth,
Dearest to me than any brother,
There was no one loved so well, save mother,
On the face of the teeming earth.

As boys, we had trudged to school together,
In summer's blaze, and in winter's cold,
When the sky was sunny, in stormy weather,
With hearts as light as the lightest feather,
A zephyr's faintest breath might hold.

To the old red school-house under the hill,
Through the lane with willows fringed,
'Tis dingy with age, but standing still,
With broken windows on crumbled sill,
Where the wind goes whistling in at will,
And the gate long since unhinged.

Just one year older was Sam they said;
And stouter by far than I,
And taller too by almost a head,
By measurements made as we stretched in bed,
And notches cut on the old brown shed,
And viewed with jealous eye.

And Sam was handsome, the girls said so—
Brown curls, and a winning smile.
How glances and kisses they used to throw,
As laughingly down through the lane they'd go,
When the path was with violets edged, or snow,
Merry as birds all the while.

There was Mary and Bessie and Lillie and Bell,
And one of them all the star,
With lips as sweet as the Asphodel,
And cheeks like the flush on the delicate shell,
In whose pinky depths we list the swell
Of the murmuring sea afar.

You sigh, old fellow, your cheek is wet,
Remember, Sam, dear boy—
Though gone from us, she is living yet,
Where the sun of her summer will never set,
And life has no alloy.

No fleeting fancy my chum had known,
But a passion warm and true,
For her winning ways round his heart had grown
Till her every wish had become his own—
And the mantle of love that was o'er them thrown,
Wrapped heaven about the two.

Old chum! how time has drifted on—
That was twenty years ago,
When the light of those days upon us shone;
'Tis like a dream they're come and gone—
Yes, Sam, 'tis really so.

Another stick on the fire we laid,
'Twas birchen, white and clear,
And a ruddy glow through our room it made,
And drove from picture and bust the shade,
That erst had hovered near.

And by its flicker, our faces told,
The truth of the song, time sung,
That Sam and I were growing old,
For ripples of age in wrinkles rolled,
And the step, less steady, firm and bold,
As when we twain were young.

But though time's frosts on our locks appear,
As the fires of our youth go out,
And tremors impede the voice once clear,
As the sunset of living draws yet more near
We will welcome the gloaming without a fear,
And have no care nor doubt.

Our hearts shall beat to the self-same tune,
As in golden days gone by,
And come death slowly, or come death soon,
It shall find us waiting companions boon,
To gather, Sam and I.

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

BY REV. THOMAS TYRRE.

Men live too much in the past; too much in the future, too little in the present.

They can remember in years gone by, of the many precious hours enjoyed in the consciousness of "an abiding Saviour." What He is to be to them in the future is a precious thought; but what He is now, this moment, is scarcely thought of.

We believe in a present Saviour. True, we love to glance backward for a moment to the unnumbered blessings of the past, for it reminds us of what Jesus hath been to us; and to the future, and rejoice for a moment at our vision of what Jesus will be to us in coming time; but what Christ is to us at this present moment, is a source of joy unspeakable.

Men who are constantly dwelling on past experiences, and are destitute of present living experiences, will be very likely to backslide, and fall out by the way.

Spiritual growth will be checked, and ultimately life will become extinct.

That breath was given me an hour ago, will not suffice for this moment; I must have breath now, continually, if I would live. So will not my past spiritual experiences suffice for the present. They gave me new life and encouragement then; but I must have the fresh, glowing experiences of the present hour to supply my present needs.

If men would "grow in grace;" if they would be "filled with the fullness of Him that filleth all in all," they must daily live in the enjoyment of a present Saviour; daily be fed from His bountiful hand, and watered by refreshing streams of grace.

Steady growth, steady development makes strong and symmetrical the outward man; and the same process will cause like results in the inward man. Often as it may seem to the contrary, yet it is true, we do not attain great heights of religious experience suddenly. It is by constant climbing that we reach the mountain top. It is by steady perseverance that we gain any great success; and it is by the steady development of all our God-given powers that we shall attain that symmetry, that consistency of life and character for which we desire.

To accomplish all this, then, we need the abiding presence of our Lord and Saviour. The present is ours; not the past, nor the future. To live to-day, to

"Act in the living present,"

to use all our power for the welfare of our fellow men, and this under the inspiring presence of our Lord and Master; this is duty, 'tis privilege. Let us live then more in the present, in the enjoyment of a present Saviour, praying that He may abide with us always.

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

"Not a brief glance, I beg a passing word;
But as Thou dwellest with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, patient, condescending, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me."

THE COLLEGE COURANT.

BY LEON C. FIELD.

ZION'S HERALD of September 2 contained a favorable notice of *The College Courant*, saying, among other things, "We can heartily commend it to our readers." There had been everything in the past to justify so favorable an estimate, and warrant such a hearty commendation. The importance of the field this paper proposes to occupy, and the success which has hitherto attended it, are not to be disputed. There is one thing, however, of more consequence than the subject of University training, and that is, a Christian education. This higher interest has certainly been in a measure imperiled by the recent change in the management of *The College Courant*. It was not without misgivings that we heard the name of this new incumbent of the editorial chair.

Rev. E. C. Towne is a man of versatile accomplishments and acknowledged abilities as a writer, but his hostility to all evangelical Christianity is widely known. His opinions have already begun to find expression in the columns of his paper. Nothing else could have been expected. One of the very earliest numbers issued under his charge (October 12) contained a highly eulogistic notice of the *Toledo Index* and its conductors, concluding with the statement: "We have reached a point at which no advantage rests with accredited traditions. They must descend to the arena of free discussion, and stand or fall upon their merits, on a field which knows no other law than this—'Truth will prevail.'"

The last number (November 6) contains a review of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. This gives Mr. Towne ample opportunity to display his rationalistic tendencies. The entire article is a complete tissue of free-thinking theories. To quote a single sentence: "What reason can recognize, the discipline of reason will enable her to discover, and if mysteries, long claimed to be peculiar to strict revelation, are let down at all within the reach of reason, they will inevitably prove at last disguised forms of rational truth which had no warrant for setting up as mysteries, and have no claim to any peculiar authority, such as a revelation might properly lay claim to." Throughout, "acid dogmatism" is the subject of obloquy. A review of Dr. Bushnell's new volume of sermons furnishes further occasion for a like expression of opinion.

But more noticeable even than these special articles, is the general drift and tone of thought pervading the whole paper. It seems unfortunate that a journal wielding so powerful and extensive an influence, should fall into such hands. Of the list of contributors published on its pages, more than half are men of profound

evangelical sentiments, but they have practically very little to do with the paper. In the present attitude of the question concerning Christian and secular education, it is to be regretted that this powerful organ is so surely arraying itself against the friends of evangelical religion and a wholesome Christian education. Ought it to proceed unnoticed and unbuked?

LOST PULPIT POWER.

Preaching is a Divine institution; but the methods of using it are human. The ability to influence men by preaching, is pulpit power. This is more or less effective, as it does, or does not avail itself of the Divine and human appliances pertaining thereto.

The effectiveness of the modern pulpit, as a whole, is far less apparent than either its learning or piety. It would be a vast service to the Church and cause of Christ, if it could be shown why this is so. Little as we hope to accomplish toward that great object, we submit the following dash or two:—

A measured, precise, or stiff style of preaching, showing more care of its grammar, rhetoric, or pronunciation, than of its results, soon wearies, and puts ill at ease the hearer. Then the desired effect is lost. An effective writer is not always an effective speaker. A declamatory, or stilted style of speaking, savors so much of heartlessness as to produce about the same effect as the stormy and unmeaning threats of forceless parents—loud, but empty. The hearer, like the child, soon learns that such words are for show, and not for dead shots. No learning or piety can redeem the lost power of such preaching.

In like manner, one uniform, monotonous sound from the pulpit, destroying all emphasis and vivacity, is as effective—to produce stupidity and drowsiness—as a steady wind, a roaring water-fall, or distant thunder. It obscures all freshness and vigor of thought, if such are in the sermon; and the only lasting impression left on the hearer's mind is a great noise with very little to make a noise about.

A mechanical zeal, or vehemence, in the pulpit, consisting of "bodily exercise," profits but little toward the great purposes of preaching; as soul-force only can reach and effect soul. When cold-hearted and emotionless preachers attempt to show warmth and feeling by great pulpit bluster, to conceal their coldness, they are less successful, and less respected than cripples are, who get on horse-back to hide their limping, for their horrid deformities are self-superinduced.

A preacher with the most faultless elocution, unwarmed by love of God, love of souls, and love of Bible truth, may draw around him flattering crowds, as one who can "play skillfully with a loud noise," but he will not "add much people unto the Lord," as his pulpit exhibits the human, rather than Divine power.

Very much of this lost, or latent power of the pulpit, might be uncovered and brought into the richest service of God and humanity, by friendly, but sharp criticism and exposure.

THE PREACHER'S JOY.

My first appointment was a stinger. Just such a one as our common-sense elders are apt to give a fledgeling, they knowing what best "rubs off" superfluous egotism, or school-boy oratory, and brings the man to the front.

Arriving on the ground, like any anxious itinerant, I "viewed the landscape o'er," but I hardly think the results were quite so ecstatic to my feelings as were they in the case of him who so many years ago did the same thing; I mean Moses, of course, from Pisgah. I presume, the scene was different. I know not what his was, but mine was about like this:—

The place in which I was to preach was a large barn of a thing, as broad as it was long, and about as high as it was broad; far back in the country, very much such a place I should think as Duluth was when the first subsidy was granted by Congress to construct a railroad to that place; few had heard of it, and but one or two reached it alive. However, I was in for it. I had put my hand to the plough, and was going to fight it out on that line if it took till next Conference time. I was not old enough to find fault with my elder for sending me there, and have ever since thought it isn't best to get as old as that too early.

I was anxious to see my congregation. Sunday came and I had an opportunity. I shall never forget the company; and now that I was inside, the appearance of the old structure, for it never was intended for and never really became a church. The number of my hearers were about a dozen. Brother A. with his gray hair frosted by the winters of near threescore and ten, sat to my right; Sister B., looking out of her little old-fashioned cap, with a face so hopeful of what remains for the people of God, over the way, sat to my left,

while a few younger men and maidens took their place immediately before me; the children and grandchildren filling up the back ground.

This was the picture. I studied it, and from it viewed my life as a poor Methodist preacher. How different from the course I had marked out for myself. A few years before a gay young man, surrounded by gay companions, engaged in business with perhaps even flattering hopes of wealth and fame, I thought of it, and as I thought, was a little sad; my head rested in my hands, and had you been there perhaps you might have observed a tear stealing down my cheek. I couldn't help it, I controlled my feelings as best I could and read the hymn—

'Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

They all knew it, and sang it with such fervor, that I have often wished I might hear them sing it again. It did me good, so that when I got to my sermon I felt quite at home. God gave me freedom in preaching, and some of my hearers in shouting. The service through, all must shake hands with the new preacher, and one after another came forward to do so. The "God bless you" was frequent and heartfelt, while the dear old sister, above referred to, stopped to say a little prayer as she held my youthful hands in hers, "that God would make me feel at home among them, and give me many souls." This did me a heap of good, and I began to think it was not so bad a thing after all to be a poor Methodist preacher. The joy was coming. They all wanted me to go home to dinner with them, but finding I couldn't do this, exacting a promise that I would sometime, they left me one by one until the good brother, who I was to accompany, and myself, seemed alone. But this was a mistake, we were not alone. The best of all was to come; just as I was buttoning up my coat, and putting on my hat, looking up I saw a stranger whom I had not noticed especially, standing near the door, apparently waiting for us. He was a man in middle life, perhaps about forty years of age, strong and robust; I asked the brother with me who he was; and seeing him himself then for the first, with some surprise, says, "Why, that is Mr. —, I wonder what he is doing here. I never saw him in church before; must be he wants to see you." "But," said I, "you say he never goes to church." "No." "What does he do?" "Why for the past few years he has kept the village inn, always berating the poor Methodists like the most of the people around here, and I think it is strange he should be here to-day, especially that he should be waiting. I said, "Let us go and see what he wants." We went, and as we came near where he stood, I observed his eyes were red as if he had been weeping. Approaching, and extending my hand, which was met with his, I spoke to him. He seemed to want to see me alone. Stepping one side, he says, "Are you busy?" I said, "No." He then adds, "Can I have a little talk with you," and I saw his eyes began again to fill. Excusing myself from the brother, I took his arm, and together we strolled along the village walk until even the suburbs had been passed, and beside a pleasant stream we sat together on a log. A part of his history I had already got. For many years he had been a man of the world, intemperate, profane. When a little boy he attended the Sabbath-school, and his mother used to teach him to pray. Now, and for many, many years this mother was dead. How I thought of mother's influence. Left without a mother, and with worse than no father, for his father taking to drinking abandoned him soon after his mother's death, and he had "come up," as best he could. He was a sinner, wanted me to pray for him. I did; right there beside that log we both knelt down. The Holy Spirit was doing its office-work. That bronzed, hardened face, was bathed with the penitent's tears. It was a glad hour for me. The preacher's joy was coming nearer and nearer. We rose and returned to town. I had pointed him to Calvary. He had caught the Saviour's loving glance, and seemed happy. Promising me that he would read his Bible that afternoon and be at prayer-meeting in the evening, I left him.

Evening came; the little company gathered in the morning, with a number of new ones, were again assembled, and among them the inn-keeper. The proper time came, and I asked those who desired the prayers of Christians that they might become Christians, to rise and tell us. At once he with whom I had prayed beside the log rose, and not only requested prayers, but added, "My sins, though many, are all forgiven me; God for Christ's sake has this day had mercy, and I am born again, O, the blood, the precious blood!" This was all he could say. The young looked, the old wondered, while all praised God. It was a precious hour. How changed that old edifice; how changed the faces of that company; how changed everything to

me! Why? The preacher's joy had come; there was rejoicing in heaven; there was rejoicing on earth over one sinner that had been saved. And if I was the means of this, was it not worth a life-time of hardship for Jesus' sake?"

W. J. P.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

We sang it once in youth's exultant morning,
Our song of victory ere the strife began,
Before we knew the legend's solemn meaning—
"Never despair," the happy chorus ran.

Then hope's bright beam enclouded every morrow,
And love—it was our life from day to day,
All sadder depths of loneliness and sorrow
Within the undiscovered future lay.

"We will be strong!" we said, and smiled in parting,
Our lives, we felt, must still together flow;
A bright, brief day of toiling and of triumph,
Then sweet communion in the evening glow.

Nil desperandum! watchword unforgetten
Through many years of parting and of pain,
Now, O beloved, with a deeper meaning,
And reverently we utter it again.

For we have watched the slow and mournful setting
Of fairest hopes that lit our morning sky,
The buds most precious on our summer garland
Storm winds have scattered, rudely rushing by.

To me the cup renewed of smiles and sorrow,
Of thankful joy, and grief that knows no cure;
To thee—to watch alone—a life-time lonely—
The bitterest pain thy spirit could endure.

No hand to clasp thine own when thou art weary,
No heart thy deepest, truest self to know;
Better the love and loss so oft recurring,
Which fill my lot with gladness and with woe.

Yet, friend, despair not! for the sun descending
Begins to burn along the western sky—
Let the old song which charmed our life's beginning,
Our later hours illumine and glorify!

Let us go down, unfaltering, to the river
Beyond whose waves our meeting-place shall be—
There shall our watchword lose its solemn warning,
And a new song be given to thee and me!

BANGOR, July, 1870.

F. L. M.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

The New York Journal of Commerce calls attention to the fact that the reported discovery of a vast open polar sea, east and northeast of Spitzbergen, by the Norwegian Captain Nils Johnson, confirms the original finding of Dr. Hayes, and thinks it should make scoffers feel ashamed of themselves. Dr. Hayes, in his first volume of Arctic researches, it will be remembered, told in a few plain words, without a dash of boasting, of his discovering an unfrozen polar sea, with no visible northern shore. The doctor and his solitary companion had reached it by sledge, penetrating as far north as Cape Constitution, Washington Land, latitude 82 deg. 72 min., and longitude about 69 degrees. Scientific persons, and even those who made a study of Arctic explorations, saw fit to doubt this story, on the ground of its supposed extreme improbability. People generally did not challenge the report—the evidence being good enough for them. Captain Nils Johnson, however, cruising to the east of Spitzbergen on a whaling voyage, has now, by accident, entirely corroborated the statements of Dr. Hayes. Attaining a given point at 76 degrees 8 minutes north latitude, and 30 degrees 16 minutes east longitude, he found the whole sea to the south and east and northeast perfectly free from ice. He sailed along the coast without obstruction for two days and one night, and it was everywhere open except in one line toward the north, where ice was visible. Ascending a mountain near the coast, he obtained a view over a wide circuit, and saw an iceless ocean to the extent of his vision, in a direction east-northeast. The captain saw birds, seals, and reindeers, but says nothing about whales. He saw great piles of driftwood along the shore, some of them heaped twenty feet above high-water mark. Captain Johnson having brought back such valuable results with a common sailing vessel, the scientific world may be encouraged to hope that a better-fitted craft, going out for the express purpose of exploring the open polar sea, may by that line make her way to the North Pole.

BORN DRUNK.

Among the names registered at the Tombs the other night, was that of a youth about 15 years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk, nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good, sound health, but gave all the external indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer. Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been a natural drunkard, or rather that he had always acted like such a thing. He said that although, in good health, he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication; and when excited he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day, and was not sent to the courts to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself, but his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that prior to marriage, the father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the facts became known to the woman thus suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her. Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child, at three years of age, acted strangely; and at the end of six months the unhappy woman realized all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without its influence

upon the father, however. Realizing, in the midst of tears of bitter anguish, the sin that had been visited upon the child, the man reformed. He has now several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had had entailed upon him a life of misery.—New York Paper.

WHO WILL GO?

A gentleman told the following in the Fulton Street prayer-meeting: We know of a beautiful country. It is large, rich, healthy, easy of access, delightful. The atmosphere, the light, the scenery, productions, society, employments, are delicious. None are poor there, none are ever sick, none grow old, none die, none ever suffer pain. All wants are fully supplied, and all possible pleasure provided. Everything is fresh, spring-like, joyous. There is no weariness, discontent, disappointment, or grief. No rivalry, envy, or strife; no stupid dullness or hurtful excitement; no crushing burdens, no tears, no sadness. It is a wonderful land. No language can describe it, no imagination can ever draw its excellences. It is called heaven. There is room for all. It is prepared for believers in Christ. Whoever makes Christ his Leader, King, and Saviour, will enter into the rich inheritance. Who will go?

Said the gentleman, I was staying in a hotel here last evening, and another handed me this to read. He said he thought this covered the whole ground. I read it over and over. I could see no deficiency or flaw in it. I told him I was looking for just such a place. This suited me exactly. I would go. Another, sitting near, looked it over with some care. He thought it must be a delightful country, but he failed to say whether he would go or not. This is no hap-hazard sort of business to be trifled with. We must be sincere and earnest in seeking it, and if we are honestly making Christ our Leader, King, and Saviour, we shall surely find ourselves in a brief space in that goodly land.

A gentleman said no one had more cause to rejoice than himself. A few years ago, he, his wife and children, were all in the road that leads to a very wretched land. But now every one, himself, wife and children, have set their faces towards this blessed land. Who will go?

SAN JUAN.—The Island of San Juan, which lies between the 48th and 49th parallel, and nearly midway between Vancouver's Island and Washington Territory, is about fifteen miles in length, and from three to seven in width, and has an area of about forty thousand acres. The northern portion is mountainous and heavily timbered, but the southern part has many beautiful prairies, and is exceedingly fertile. The pasture is so nutritious that the mutton raised upon it is remarkable for the delicacy of its flavor. There is near the harbor a valuable quarry of limestone. These islands contain the only limestone quarries as yet found on the American side of the waters of Puget Sound, and up to the working of the quarry of San Juan all limestone used for building purposes in this portion of Washington Territory had to be brought from Vancouver's Island or California. Coal is also to be found in the archipelago. Off the lower end of the San Juan are the best fishing waters of the sound. Great quantities of halibut, codfish, and salmon are taken by the Indians, who for this purpose resort to this vicinity at certain seasons. The salmon fisheries alone are immensely valuable, and a profitable business might be established. The population at the present time numbers only about four hundred, of which fully one half are soldiers.

MR. BEECHER'S LAST FRIDAY EVENING MEETING.

After the singing Mr. Beecher made one of those soft, melting prayers for which he is so remarkable. When he prayed for the institutions whose objects were to relieve human misery, and to raise the ignorant and vicious, his language was most pathetic, and his voice trembled with earnestness and emotion. After the prayer, a beautiful version of the 125th psalm was sung, and then Mr. Beecher, seated as usual by the side of the table, began to talk. He appeared in fine spirits. His eye sparkled, and his voice was clear. He spoke with great simplicity on the way in which the Church should go about doing good to the lost and unconverted. His remarks sparkled with wit, while they were weighty with common sense. He ended by saying that two Englishmen had come out here hunting insects. They were poking into all the holes and corners and nooks and crannies, making the dust fly, and disturbing strange things to hunt after a new kind of bug. "And is not a man better than a bug?" said he, "and ought they not to go hunting patiently and continually after men's souls, in order to save them from pollution and misery?" And then he told a story about a lost child and its recovery, and told it so pathetically that the tears flowed down nearly every face. Mr. Beecher himself wept, and covered his eyes with his hand, as though ashamed of the weakness. But it passed away in a moment, and he clinched the story with the quotation from Jesus, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—New York Sun's Report.

THE SUPPLIES STOPPED.—"You have stopped the supplies!" said a poor workman to a gentleman whom he met on the street. "Why, how?" inquired he. "Well, you see, sir, since my little girls and boys have been going to your Sunday-school, they have promised to have nothing to do with liquor or tobacco, and I can't get them to go buy either for me." "I am glad to hear that," said the friend; "but what will you do now?" "Why, I have thrown my pipe away; and the children have coaxed me so hard that I have promised not to smoke or chew again, and to give up my daily drama."

The Family.

LUTHER AND THE BIRD.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

The sun was setting after a day
Gloomy and wet and chill,
And Martin Luther hurried away
From the garden-spot where the shadows lay,
And the lurid sunset under the gray,
For his heart was darker still.
But out on a branch a bird began
To carol a little song,
It struck the ear of the moody man,
Sorrowing under an awful ban,
And through his heart its music ran,
And it made him glad and strong.
Then it nestled its head beneath its wing
And quietly went to rest;
And the time was passing afar from Spring,
And the world had many a venomous thing,
And none knew what the night would bring
With the sun gone out in the west.
But Martin Luther bent his head,
And in his own sweet words
He blessed the Giver of daily bread,
Who conquers the dark of doom and dread;
And he suffered himself to be gently led
By the God of the little birds.

— N. Y. Independent.

BLACK FANNY AND HER CHARGE.

BY MRS. D. SHERMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END APPROACHING.

From the first of her confinement, Emma desired to have prayers frequently offered in her chamber. Her mind at that time seemed to be clouded, and on hearing her grandmother say that she should entertain a hope for her, if she should be taken away, she replied, "Don't build upon a false foundation, I am not without doubts."

After a few days of unremitting care, it became evident to her medical attendant that no skill could arrest the progress of the disease. The family became more alarmed, while she was not herself insensible to her danger. But she was becoming weaned from the world, and her mind was more set upon heavenly things.

The irritation of her nerves was extreme, and her pain severe, yet she bore all with patience and submission. She was very greatly interested in religious conversation, listening attentively; and if the conversation was interrupted she would desire it resumed. Often did she send for Christians to come and sit by her bedside, and talk about heaven.

Many times also did she request them to sing such hymns as the one commencing, "Jesus, the sinner's friend," and that other, "Hark the herald angels sing."

On Wednesday, two weeks subsequent to the time the wound was received, and three days before her death, she said, "I shall die day after to-morrow." On Thursday she seemed better; an acquaintance who stood by her bedside, observing her cheerfulness, remarked, that "Emma was going to get well; she has given up the idea of dying so soon," said he. "No, no!" she replied, "I have not, I shall die on Friday."

Although so cheerful and happy, her spasms were frequent and severe; often occurring so suddenly, and bringing her jaws together with such violence as to fracture the cup, or fasten between her teeth the spoon from which she received her drink and nourishment. She now began to make arrangements for her departure, as also for her funeral. Selecting three individuals, who were intimate friends of her mother, she requested them to try to offer consolation to her in her affliction. "Will you not sympathize with and comfort her, and will you not make the needful preparations for my burial?" she said to them. To her mother she said "Do not weep for me, dear mother, when I am gone, do not weep, we soon shall meet again."

Leaving a farewell for her absent sisters with her dying message, "to prepare to meet her in heaven," she proceeded to give instructions for her funeral.

Their minister, Rev. Timothy Merritt, name so revered, that holy man and champion of Methodism, whose memory is "fragrant as ointment poured forth," was absent in attendance at the Conference, which was in session at that time. Aware that he was not at home, she desired that her funeral ceremonies might be deferred until his return. "You will keep me until then, will you not, mother?" "Perhaps that will not be practicable, my child," was the reply. Cheerfully acquiescing, she answered, "All right."

Then after selecting the hymns to be sung on the occasion, she was proceeding to name the text to be used, and had named the book of Revelation, when her jaws were sprung together as a vice, and for a season she could say no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE BRIGHT BEYOND."

Friday, the 23d of May, was ushered in—a lovely

morning. It was to be Emma's dying day, when she was to be emancipated and borne away by an innumerable company of angels into the presence of her Redeemer, and of all the just made perfect.

All nature seemed radiant with beauty. The lilacs beneath her window distilled their sweetest fragrance on the air, the birds chanted their thrilling melodies amid the overhanging branches of the tall elms which shaded the dwelling, while within the chamber the gates of heaven were opening, and angels were hovering around.

Emma seemed better, her pain had subsided, and her mental faculties brightened, as she drew near the world of spirits. Her mind became absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly things, while she was "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

To her grandma she said, "I have no doubts now!" With her eyes fixed in an upward gaze, while her vision penetrated far within the veil, she asked, "Am I in heaven?"

At a certain time when she spoke of dying, her mother said to her, "Emma, I think you are not dying, you appear to be better." With a smile, she said, "Yes, I am. Doctor, look at my fingers and see if I am not dying." Until then it had not been noticed that the blood had settled under her finger-nails.

Observing the affliction of her mother, she said, "Mamma, don't cry, don't cry." She then requested her mother to pray, and called upon several others to pray, one after another. Her happy frame of mind was evinced by the delight with which she listened to songs of praise to God, and by her efforts to join in singing. Her heart seemed almost bursting with rapture, and several times when her mouth was shut by the contraction of the nerves, she opened it with her hand, and then would she burst forth in singing,—

"Come angels, come angels,
I'm ready to fly;
Come quickly, convey me
To God in the sky."

She had expressed a desire to see her acquaintances and all her friends, that she might have a word of parting with them. She stated that she should die in the afternoon, and as the time drew near, a large number came to take their leave, and to see how a young Christian could triumph over the King of Terrors.

She was so transported with the views of heaven and her Saviour, that she hardly knew whether she was in the body or not. "Am I in heaven?" said she. "O, no, but I shall soon be there!" Soon after, she asked her mother what time it was. "Is this dying?" and then in ecstasy, she exclaimed, "I wish I could describe to you the beauties there are in heaven." She clearly saw by the eye of faith what tongues could not describe, and she longed to be released from the body that she might enter into that glorious rest.

Again she asked her mother what time it was; then calling for water, she wet her parched lips, and remarked, "I shall want no more drink on earth!"

As her friends and acquaintances came in she desired that all, to the number of about thirty, should pass around her bed, while she took her leave of them. Calling her grandfather first, she clasped his hand in both of hers, while she earnestly entreated him to meet her in heaven. "Be determined, will you be determined?" she asked. Addressing her grandma, she said, "If I have ever done anything wrong, I hope you will forgive me." To her mother, who now had become more composed, and who stood near, gazing at her child with wonder, while her heart was too full for utterance, she had a message. Her mother could make no reply, and as she afterward expressed it, she "was strangely forbidden to weep."

After calling for and taking each by the hand, and delivering a very earnest, faithful message, with pointed questions and appeals to each, she spoke her final farewell to them.

Until now, she had occupied a sitting posture in bed. After prayer was again offered, she said, "Lay me down now, I am going." When lain back on her pillow, her mother said, "Emma, is the Saviour precious to you now?" "O, yes, mother—heaven," and her jaw fell; her bosom heaved, one deep sigh, and all was over!

The sweet, loving, happy spirit had taken its flight, and left nothing to her friends but the marble casket, which had once enclosed a gem of priceless worth.

Thus died little Emma, at the age of 13 years and 6 months.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

CHAPTER IX.

LILLY.

When taken from Wilbraham, Lilly was placed in

the family of a distant relative, residing in a mountain town, remote from her friends and all other acquaintances.

Retired and lonely as it was, it afforded little to attract her attention, or furnish amusement.

Being torn from all that was dear to her, like the tendrils of the vine, her mind seemed reaching out after something upon which to fasten. Her affections, ardent and tender, as they became developed, must find some object on which to bestow their fondness, and she soon began to make the acquaintance of the household pets; but more especially was she attached to the chickens and goslings of the yard.

The latter were new to her, and when she saw their little sparkling eyes, their little red slippers (as she called them), their yellow, downy plumage, she thought them more innocent and beautiful than any bird she had ever seen. They were given into her charge, and she never became weary in caring for and feeding them. So constantly did she watch over her little favorites, that their old suspicious mother became annoyed by her unremitting attentions, and sometimes, to evade such watching, would she march them off on the double quick, towards the clover-field.

Lilly was not to be shaken off so easily, and following them, was often delighted to see the little regiment with heads erect, sometimes ranged in platoons, sometimes in single file, trooping along in the wake of their leader.

Here having regaled themselves for a time with the fragrance and luxuries of the clover-bed, they again take up their line of march further onward towards the meadow brook, to receive their first lessons in navigation. Now was Lilly almost in ecstasies to see them, as each launched its little bark out upon the rippling stream, and with oars in full motion would paddle for deep water.

At other times would she amuse herself in making an enclosure of boards, to shut them in, lest they should become chilled by wandering in the dewy grass. On one occasion, having made their little pen, and shut them in for the night, she supposed them secure; but on paying them an early visit on the following morning she found that a board had fallen over, crushing two of her little favorites to death. With a heart saddened by her loss, and pity for the little things she loved so fondly, how did she reproach herself that their cabin had been so insecurely built!

Such were some of her pastimes during the interim of the sessions of her school. The school-house was situated far distant; and though to her little weary feet it seemed a long and tedious way, yet was she ever punctual in her attendance, and won the approbation of her teacher for her strict deportment and faithfulness in duty. It was the custom at that time for the teacher to return to the parent or guardian at the close of each week, a certificate of merit or demerit of the scholars. Lilly was always sure to get the former and would come home with her prize, a printed bill, more valuable than the greenbacks of the present day, and folding them in an envelop they were safely stored away.

[To be Continued.]

LIMIT YOUR WANTS.

Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Reflections upon Exile," says:—

"Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds, while those which fancy and custom create are confined to none."

Young men who are just entering upon life, and forming habits which are likely to adhere to them to its close, will do well to treasure up in memory these true and instructive words of one of England's finest writers and most philosophic statesmen.

"Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds." It is surprising how little it is that is absolutely essential to man's existence, and, if he will take an intelligent and view of life, to his comfort and happiness. Intellectual enjoyments are comparatively cheap. The cultivation of the mind, which affords the highest and only enduring satisfaction, can be pursued on an income quite insignificant for the supply of luxuries.

Our physical wants are very few, if we preserve our tastes simple, as they are by nature. To eat, to drink, to exercise, to sleep, to keep warm, and to be sheltered; a small sum will supply all these. The pleasures which are pure, and which tend to our improvement, are within the reach of almost every one.

But the wants which fancy and custom create, as Lord Bolingbroke says, are confined to no bounds. It is against these that young men on the threshold of life should sedulously guard. Beware of luxurious and expensive habits. The gratification of them may cost you much of the labor and time which, if given to intellectual cultivation, would be more conducive to happiness. It is easy to do without that which you have never indulged in. It is hard to leave off habits, however extravagant and absurd. When you are to decide about adopting a mode or style of living, consider well whether it is certain that, without inconvenience, you will be able to preserve it. The only safe rule is, to keep your wants within narrow bounds.

FROM PARIS TO BOSTON.

BY REV. A. J. CHURCH.

PARIS, Oct. 25, 1872.

To-day is an epoch in the history of the great astronomer Galileo. For though he has been famous for his bold advances in the inspiring science, Italy has been slow to recognize his transcendent merit, and do justice to one of her noblest sons. To-day she publicly lifts the ban of the Inquisition from his peerless name, writes it on the roll of her illustrious heroes, and gives a new rebuke to that insane jealousy of popery, which cannot bear that even scientific truth shall be promulgated without the "mark of the beast in its forehead." The foundation-stone of a new Observatory at Arcetri, this very hour to be laid, in the name of Galileo, and in recognition of his genius and worth; a tardy but just tribute to his memory. Italy abounds in statues of marvelous beauty to her idols. Kings, popes, dukes, and prelates stare upon you with stony eyes in nearly all her cities. No one who has studied the magnificent marbles which immortalize her Dante, Columbus, Canova, and thousand potentates, can cease to admire them; but he will mark this rigid discrimination. Not one of them is erected to any other than servile sons of the Church. If any one offended her she has blasted his memory. Great, good, mighty Savonarola has not a stone, or a mark to tell that he lived in Florence. Even the splendid fountain on the spot of his coronation by fire, does not hint at the one event which makes the place heroic and glorious. So a thousand brave, self-sacrificing saints have been consigned to oblivion by a power which seems to follow its victims with unrelenting hate to the other world, and coolly consigns their names to infamy, and their souls to hell. Even Galileo, though under the gentle persuasion of rack and thumb-screws, he made his mathematics and intellect bow in submission to the dicta of the Jesuits, has not escaped the fortune of all thinkers in this respect. True, in one obscure Venetian church I found a humble cenotaph to Galileo, but that was put there by a private individual. The Florentines have also ventured recently to put up a tablet on which under his profile, the subtle irony reads, "This is the man who was tortured for the crime of seeing the earth move round the sun." But with the decadence of popery, the light of her great scholars and true Christians bursts forth to the joy of her people, and this day Italy wipes off the stigma which her neglect of the great explorer in the sidereal wilderness has stamped upon her, and honors herself by doing justice to a man who had almost made himself a hero by dying for the truth, but failed in the crucial hour, because the scholar who knew the truth he recanted, was not Christian enough to have courage to die for it. His discoveries were extraordinary for his time and data. From the oscillation of the sacred lamps in the cathedral of Pisa, he studied out the isochronism of the pendulum, and constructed a clock for astronomical purposes. He advanced to find his hydrostatic balance for the exact measurement of the specific gravity of solid bodies. The phases of the moon, the satellites and rings of Jupiter, the spots on the sun, and the revolutionary corollaries of these adventurous truths, were his chief revelations. They were in conflict with the theses of Aristotle then adopted by the scientific world. He soon after uttered his belief that the earth revolves round the sun, and his discoveries were elaborated in his "Dialogo intorno i due massimi sistemi del Mondo." The cup of his iniquity was full. The infallible authority summoned him before the Roman Inquisition in the convent of Minerva; the rocky cells and the ear of God keep the secret of the horrors of a trial which compelled him to recant, though tradition credits him still with bravely muttering, "E pur si muove," as he hobbled from the presence of his spiritual tutors. Even infallible Pio Nono would not now venture to deny the discoveries for which his Church condemned and tortured her wise and fearful son.

The Romans attempted to record this shameful history on a tablet in the walls of Villa Medici, once the home of the philosopher, but France owns the Villa Medici, and true to her papal instincts she interdicted the grateful offering. But Italy will honor him, and the new Observatory at Arcetri where he died neglected, poor, and branded by popery as a heretic, is to bear his name, and promote his ideal science; and his sons may follow his path, or venture beyond it without changing their facts and data at the threat of the jealous priesthood.

THE COMMUNE.

Last Tuesday I was admitted to the court at Versailles, where the Communists have had their trials. Roussel was on trial for his life. The plea of his attorney was full and eloquent; it told some plain truths about the extravagance and oppressions of the empire, the indolence and extortions of the priesthood, the carelessness and vices of the wealthy under which such a horrible and putrescent ulcer, as communism, was possible in the body politic, and hinted that other than the poor

canaille who had been crushed and peeled by those who should make them men, ought to answer here. But the plea and extenuations were useless. His crime was proven, and the smart, daring, reckless young sinner was condemned to death. Singularly enough my experiences have been with them to-day. With some devoted Christians I visited Bellville, the Commune quarter of Paris, to observe the work of a dear young lady who has devoted life and love to the help and salvation of their families. Ever since the war she has been struggling with all her energies and faith to ameliorate their woful condition. Husbands and sons were shot, or imprisoned or run the country, and in this poor quarter she has found a large population helpless and perishing. By a little food, cast-off clothing, and other helps, she has saved many lives. By a sewing school, evening schools, in the one room given her, and by reading the Bible and singing and praying with them she has started many on the plane of improvement, and some are converted to witness for Christ, and save others. It is a glorious work, and I most earnestly commend it to the Christian world as a way to reach the poor outcasts who have none to pity or save. Our beloved Sister Wright, of 452 Lexington Avenue, New York, or myself will forward to this true sister of mercy any gifts which the charitable may send to aid her blessed toil. She is a devoted Christian; a wise planner; brave as an apostle; and has a wonderful power over these unfortunates who thought God, the Church, and the State had conspired to crush them, and in their wrath tried to revenge their wrongs. Shall we help to save them? Alas for the civilization which produces such a populace as the Communists of France, and the beggars of Italy!

The bare, staring walls of the Tuilleries, the Hotel de Ville, and many other magnificent ruins, say more than that these Communists were demons; they say that a godless nation ablaze with the energies of modern thought will always have them; that it is a shame and a scandal to rear such demons, and that Church and State are fearfully derelict whose people are forced to such degradations and desperate protests against the injustices and recreancies of their masters. Christianity and not grand mariolatry, patriotism, and not hurrahs for the glory of France, are the remedy. They must have the gospel. If any Americans would like to bless these forlorn creatures, they may address me at Wellfleet, Mass.

"Among the relics in the Spanish Escorial, which was partially destroyed by fire a few weeks since, were many wonderful objects which have been collected by devout Spanish kings from all quarters of the earth, including a bar of the gridiron on which St. Lawrence was burnt; a piece of the sponge in which drink was given to our Savior while hanging on the cross; some pieces of the column to which He was bound when scourged; two thorns from His crown; a piece of His tunic; a piece of the manger in which He was born; the thigh-bone of St. Paul; some bones of the Evangelists St. Mark and St. Luke; the body of one of the Innocents slain by order of Herod; a finger of St. Lawrence and half of his backbone; the entire bodies of St. Maurice, St. Theodorus, St. Mercury, St. William, and others; the heads of St. Blas, St. Julian, St. Felix, and others; a rib of St. Albans; the knee of St. Sebastian; a foot of St. Phillip the apostle; one of the water-pots from the marriage feast at Cana, and other interesting relics of men and events mentioned in ecclesiastical history."

But this need not cause any regret, as a fresh supply may be procured for a few reals.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GREENLAND. — Rev. F. D. Chandler writes: "Although we have a cold name up here, yet we are a warm-hearted people; and we are proving this assertion by our works. Though, as our name indicates, we are near the North Pole, still, strange as it may appear, we are near the Hub of the universe, around which rolls in one unbroken circle universities of theology, of law, music and medicine, composing the strength of the nation. "Being situated as we are, right on the greatest thoroughfares of the land, we can any morning step in and breakfast with the genial editor of the HERALD, and take our tea again in the land that is always 'green;' even when clothed in its bridal suit of snowy white, glistening with its icy gems, it is still a land of evergreens."

"Rich in the possession of one of the good and holy old men of Methodism, Father Matthew Newhall, who is a living epistle, known and read of all men to the glory of our religion, that makes an old man useful as well as happy. Father Newhall was stationed here some thirty years ago, and saw many added to the Church of Christ, having already seen his threescore years and ten. He not only labors with his hands, but he often preaches the Word with great power to the people. He is eloquent in his love for souls, and the sympathy that makes men feel; and we need more of the eloquence that pleases the heart than the intellect alone to save men. He is the companion of the young, and the comfort of the aged; a monument to the power of Godliness to mould and fashion the life."

"The Methodist church is nearly completed in our midst, and will be one of the finest edifices in New England, and we expect to dedicate it the first week in December, of which further notice will be given. There is a manifest improvement in religious interest here among the membership, and also the

careless; many of them are expressing concern about their soul's interest, and we hope that the good work begun will be finished in righteousness. Brethren, pray for us."

Our Book Table.

THE MENTAL CURE. Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body, both in Health and Disease, and the Psychological Method of Treatment. By Rev. W. F. Evans. Second Edition. Boston: William White & Co. This volume of our Swedenborgian brother, formerly a member of the New Hampshire Conference, is at once interesting, instructive, and amusing. He proposes to cure all diseases by operating on various parts of the body through the mind. There is a great amount of truth in his illustrations; but he generalizes too broadly. We understand his practice in the line of his theory is quite successful, so is that of all men who succeed in powerfully addressing the imagination; and this fact, indeed, is somewhat confirmatory of his physiological theory. The volume will well repay one for its perusal.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER, as Set Forth in the Book of Concord, Critically Examined, and its Fallacy Demonstrated. By Rev. J. B. Gross. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is a very able argument against the Lutheran view of the Lord's Supper, called consubstantiation in opposition to the Roman Catholic view of transubstantiation, as set forth in their book of discipline. It is also a very satisfactory and instructive exposition of the purely Protestant idea of this blessed sacrament, and an earnest appeal for the simple authority of the Bible in deciding theological questions. It calls loudly for the retention of the Holy Scriptures in the public schools.

THE CITY OF GOD AND THE CHURCH-MAKERS. An Examination of Structural Christianity, and Criticism of Christian Scribes and Doctors of the Law. By R. Abbey. In one volume, crown 8vo. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. This volume of three hundred pages is lively enough reading. It does not lack a show of learning, displays a wide compass of reading, is full of self-conceit, and sets itself up, a minority of one, against all other Biblical interpreters and theological teachers. It affirms a truth in such a way as to make it an error—the truth being that there has been but one true and the same religion in the world, from the days of Adam to the present; the error, that there is no diversity in dispensations. The book is largely taken up with quotations from nearly every Biblical commentator, which this author immediately and categorically affirms to be an error. The editor feels honored to find himself quoted in this goodly company of errorists.

THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES. By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. During the last quarter of a century, the author of this volume has been a devoted student of documents relating to the early history of the nation, particularly to the opening of the war of the Revolution. He has published a number of historical tracts, which have met with an appreciative reception by the literary public and critical scholars—such as "The Siege of Boston," and "The Life and Times of Warren." It was natural that the thoughts of the author should be turned to the consideration of the very interesting question of the growth and progress of republican ideas, gradually shaping themselves in the minds of thoughtful men living under very different forms of government, and of colonists meditating a disconnection from a parent government. The embodiment of this line of thought and faithful investigation is presented in the octavo bearing the title given above. It is the history of the gradual development of the republican idea, and especially of the unique union of independent States forming one well-consolidated nation, and yet securing the free action of the several federal bodies within their well-defined limitations. The work is ably executed. From the nature of its subject it cannot have the dramatic interest of a history of events. It is rather a digest of expressed opinions, and an embodiment of documentary history. It fills an important place in the historical literature of the country, and is especially interesting in these days, when the question of national and state rights are in discussion.

CALIFORNIA; for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travelers and Settlers. By Charles Nordhoff, author of "Cape Cod and All Along Shore," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. We were prepared to welcome this volume from the intimations given of its quality in a series of letters published in the *Tribune*. These form, however, but a portion of the material embodied in this volume. The whole has been recast and enlarged, and is illustrated with over two hundred admirable woodcuts and an outline map. It is far the most elaborate and interesting volume upon our great Pacific State, and the characteristic features of the country on the route thither, that has yet been published. Almost every question which a tourist wishes to ask, as he is about to set out on the journey westward, and everything that one desires to know of California who has not the means, or time, or courage to take the trip, can be found in this beautiful volume.

NEW MUSIC. From O. Ditson & Co., Boston: "L'Opale," by Francis S. Saltus; "The Wrecked Hope," song, by Joseph Barney; "Bridle's Song," by J. Chris. Doulin; "Dormi Pure," serenade, by Salvatore Scuderi; "Kaiserstadt Polka," by Johann Strauss; "Normal College March," by G. P. Benjamin.

From G. D. Russell, Boston: "Mother, Home, and Heaven," written by Samuel Mitchell, composed by George Dana; "Te Deum," with obligato organ accompaniment, composed by Dudley Buck; "Benedictus," in E major, with organ accompaniment, by Dudley Buck; "Nobody's Treasure," song and chorus, written by Frank Dumont, composed by Frederick S. Cox; "The Owl," music by Cero Pissuti.

From White, Smith & Perry, 295 and 300 Washington Street: "The Gates Wide Open," by C. A. White; "Mother, Meet Me at the Beautiful Gate," by C. A. White; "If Ever I Cease to Love," Galop, by Thorne; "Evening Serenade," Ingraham; "Causon Des Alpes," G. P. Ryder.

Free to 1873.

—AND—

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The editor of the *Methodist Home Journal* speaks of it as follows: "We have now before us, from the Boston publishers, a superb work of art, which we apprehend will command the unqualified admiration and approval of all who see it. From accurate photographs, Mr. F. T. Stuart has given the likenesses of all the Bishops, with great delicacy of finish, and rare beauty of design; the price of the plate, which is 20 by 24 in size, is but \$1.50. We shall have our copy suitably framed and placed where it should be, on the walls of our 'best room.' Let our readers do likewise."

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Encouraging reports come to us from many of our preachers who have presented our offer to their people. The campaign has commenced well, and we hope every friend of the HERALD will "lend a helping hand." We earnestly hope that every reader of ZION'S HERALD will show the paper to his neighbor who does not take it, and that every pastor will see that his charge is canvassed at once. Specimen copies free.

A. S. WEED, Publishing Agent,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE HERALD.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 21, 1872.

THE IMPERISHABLE.

There has been but one subject of conversation in our city for the last week. One interest has swallowed up all others. The political victory which, under other circumstances, would have kept public attention alive for a long period, is well-nigh forgotten. The carnival of crime which had broken out in our community and startled it from its quiet by several unusually shocking murders, fails to hold the interest of the readers of the daily press. The probable discovery of one of the perpetrators of the most dreadful of the late tragedies is recorded in short, neglected columns, which are entirely overshadowed by the multiplied incidents of the fire. The voice of the pulpit catches the lurid color of the flames, and attempts only to interpret the lessons of the great calamity. It is out of the question to think of drawing the minds of our excited people, for any length of time, from the contemplation of an event unparalleled in the history of the city. For this reason it was thought expedient not to hold the missionary anniversary—an event that had been anticipated with great interest—in this city. It would take place so immediately upon the scene which crowds everything besides out of the mind, that it was thought all the local advantages sought by its occurrence among us would be lost. When we have recovered a little our composure, and begun to see how wonderful, after all, our resources are, and what a recuperative energy we have, we shall turn with more than our accustomed heartiness to this great interest.

At this moment we are chiefly impressed with the perishableness of all the material things which we gather around us. We are not surprised when a sweeping fire carries down before its glittering scythe the slight wooden structures that form the homes and places of business of our country villages. But when the highest form of mechanical art, at unlimited expense, piles up solid granite, and binds it together with girders of iron, so that the everlasting mountains themselves seem to be transplanted from their bases to the city, we cannot avoid a feeling of permanence and security. We almost distrust the wisdom of large outlays for insurance upon such edifices. But a few days since we saw the hissing fire leaping among these massive piles of stone as if they were simply shingle palaces, and with an inconceivable rapidity hurling down into the dust the work of years, wrought in apparently imperishable rock.

We are not surprised at the almost inevitable operation of that providential law, under the force of which, wealth obtained hastily, wrongfully, or without labor, slips as rapidly away as it came; but we stand appalled to see the results of long years of honest toil and unsparing economy swept away in one night. One of the most painful sights on that memorable Sabbath morning was to meet one of the brave, resolute, but serious faces of the men we knew, who had just been gazing upon the ashes of property that had been gathered slowly through long years of severe exertion and self-denial. "What is the use," said one, for the moment, somewhat desponding merchant, to another, "to attempt to save anything, to see it thus hopelessly burn up before your eyes!"

Let us thank God that there are some imperishable results to be obtained during our human life. There is no better hour than the present to remember this, and no more appropriate or comforting lesson to learn from this fearful experience. We could not be more impressively reminded of the Scripture assurance that "the things that are seen are temporal, but that the things that are not seen are eternal." The substance that we have been enabled to bestow upon the Lord in the extension of His kingdom, or in the form of His suffering children, has been insured to us forever—a perpetual inheritance. A friend of ours, an artist, in the fire, lost several very valuable paintings, the representatives of his skill and successful execution in this beautiful art, but the pictures he has painted upon young hearts during his long Christian life are permanent, and will illustrate his wisdom and faith when the worlds are consumed by fire.

May it not be one of the great sanctified uses of this most solemn and impressive event to turn the attention of our busy, hard-working citizens to these higher and more permanent objects of human ambition and endeavor. Is not the Master saying to us all in very affecting tones, "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you?"

While we can but admire the characteristic national energy with which our citizens are now triumphing over their losses, and laying afresh the foundations of new edifices and fortunes, we cannot avoid hoping and praying that the contrast to which we have alluded may impress many minds, and induce them to bestow a larger share of their time and substance upon efforts and objects that are absolutely permanent, and which will ensure them the highest form of enjoyment here in the present life, and throughout immortality.

THE HEAVENLY CALL.

There is a wonderful beauty as well as significance in one of St. Paul's expressions respecting the Christian calling—"Who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory." It must have struck the minds of the Thessalonians to whom it was written with peculiar force, as it recalled to their remembrance the accusation of treason against him by the mob, on the ground that he said, "There is another king, one Jesus." It told them that at Corinth, as well as at Thessalonica, he held to the kingship of Jesus, and that in what was alleged as his crime, he gloried as his highest virtue. It told them in briefest phrase of the service and its reward, of the conflict and the crown. Did not their hearts thrill as they read, "His kingdom and glory"? The words mean more than a glorious kingdom. The kingdom is glorious, whether it be on earth or in heaven; but there are both, the kingdom and the glory.

There is a spiritual realm in which human souls, and, therefore, human lives, are surrendered to the Divine sway. It matters not that God is not seen by the eyes of men. He is on the throne of this realm, He rules supreme in it, as really and truly as if it were all visibly spread out before us, and we could see Him enthroned in His majesty, with the sceptre in His hand, and the crown upon His brow. Happy they who recognize His authority, and by faith see the invisible! There is a providential government of God in the world, contributing to, and co-working with Christ's spiritual kingdom, but widely differing from it in its laws and methods. We leave this out of the present account, and speak only of the latter. It is His reign over the surrendered heart, full of pardon, of help, of grace and hope, a realm where obedience to Him is found possible, and rendered delightful. "My delight is in the law of the Lord," wrote one deeply experienced in its ways, who well knew how irksome that law is to the worldling, and how troublesome to the transgressor. But it is a veritable kingdom with its constitution and laws, its sovereign and service. Beginning in the hour of the surrender, it extends on into the eternal world, beyond death, beyond the resurrection, beyond the judgment, away into the countless ages beyond, with God eternally reigning, and all heaven in blessed subordination and

harmony. "The kingdoms are but one." To this kingdom, as real now as by and by, we are called. It brings us under bonds of service now; and "before the throne of God" in heaven they "serve Him day and night." Surely, to serve such a king is an honor even to the mightiest sovereigns of the earth.

But if called to God's service, we are no less called to enter into His glory. If this be heaven itself, full of brightness and splendor in full realization of what the Revelator saw in vision, needing not the light of the sun, or of the shining of any candle, but illumined by the Lamb, who is its light, we are called to it. Look upon Christ upon the mount of transfiguration, where Peter says he "beheld His glory." Such is Jesus now, and "we shall be like Him." Doubly like Him—washed in His blood from the defilements of sin, until He can say, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee," partaking besides of His own nature of love; and with bodies refined by the resurrection, and fashioned after His as the glorious model. Heaven is bright, without annoyance of sin, sorrow, or tears; but its glory, the glory of God, the glory of Christ, is in its purity and everlasting love. The green fields, shady bowers, and streets of gold will do to sing about now and then, if they be taken as mere poetic imagery, and we penetrate to the deeper meaning underneath; but we very much doubt if many of the popular songs of heaven with their sweet melodies thrilling the nerves be not more sensuous than otherwise in their effects, kindling a fervor for the imagery, with but faint perception of the true moral beauty of the heavenly world, and so leaving the soul no purer or better. The most beautiful pictures of it in Holy Scripture have for their central figure the exalted, glorified Christ, the Redeemer by His own blood, as the highest manifestation of infinite love. And our glory shall be in our likeness to Him, with His love overshadowing us, and flooding us with its fullness and power.

If all this seems a long way off, it may not be so far as we think, but very near to the true servant of God. Nor is it all deferred to the future. "The glory which Thou hast given me, I have given them," said Jesus of His disciples. This likeness to Christ of which we have spoken, is given in this world to the believer, in a conformity to his character—imperfectly, in many, to be sure, but really. He who loves God, pants for holiness, loathes evil, and delights in goodness; who is gentle, forbearing, loving, merciful, helpful, has in so far the likeness of Christ, the result of the new creation by the Holy Spirit. Wherever this likeness exists, it should not become blurred, defaced, or hidden, but rather clearer and more distinct, until it shall be apparent to all men as well as to angels and God. It is the glory of being now a child of God, and therefore of being now graciously made a partaker of His purity and love, a glory higher and nobler than this world can give. It is a glory whose fullness shall be known only in the world to come, and then it shall be ever increasing.

This is the Christian calling. It is of sinners, rebels, accursed men, to an honorable, holy service; of defiled, debased, earthly men, to purity, peace, and love. Perhaps it is not strange that in many minds attention should rest strongly upon their enjoyment of religion; but is there not wide need of calling them loudly to the service as well? Is the surrender to Christ in repentance only to be saved by Him? Is it not also to be ruled by Him? Is not the only promise for the future of him who, at the door of the visible kingdom takes upon himself in baptism the obligations of a new life, that he will "obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of his life"? That God in His great grace adopts him as a child, and so brings him into a more intimate relation to Himself, makes him no less a servant. In good truth, however, the service and the blessedness go together. May they increase and multiply more and more in the whole Church, until He whose right it is to reign shall have subdued all hearts unto Himself.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE AND HOLINESS.

No subject received greater attention at the late session of the British Wesleyan Conference than that of personal holiness, especially in its relations to ministerial success. The ex-President, in a charge full of well considered, opportune counsel, made direct and special reference to this subject. He said, "You will be called upon, not only to teach and to preach the blessed doctrine of entire and universal holiness, but to enjoy it in your own experience, and exemplify it in your lives. Nothing can be clearer than that, among the purposes for which God raised up Methodism, the revival of the truth concerning Scriptural holiness in the teaching of Christian ministers, and the experience of Christian people, occupied a very prominent place. The great lights among the ministry of

the elder age of Methodism, Fletcher, Thomas Walsh, Bramwell, Pawson, Walter Griffiths, Entwisle, Treffry, and many of like experience, were remarkable for the distinctness and fullness of their testimony on this subject.

"If I may judge by what has recently come under my own notice, I may assure you that, in proclaiming the truth on this point, you will preach to appreciative and sympathising audiences. I believe there is a revived and widespread yearning among our people for full salvation. I believe they will be unspeakably thankful to any minister who can clearly set the truth concerning it before them, and can help them to go up and possess the good land. Therefore, let this subject receive your special attention. You can hardly do the Church just now any service equal to that of urging upon our people that they seek to be cleansed from all sin, so as to love God with all their heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Do this, whether you have yourselves attained to the blessed experience of it or not. In the faithful exhibition and inculcation of it, you can scarcely fail to become partakers of it. And this is what I want especially to say to you. Nothing can give such weight and influence to your teaching on this subject as a personal experience answering to that teaching.

"What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

"O give yourselves to earnest and importunate prayer for the baptism of the Spirit of burning upon your own souls. If you have not already felt the all-purifying power of the blood of Jesus, resolve here and now to seek it with your whole heart."

The next morning, during a conversation on the state of the work of God, the subject was again introduced, and the President made an earnest address to the Conference, in the course of which he said, that he attached more importance to the leading of our people into the possession and enjoyment of holiness of heart, that "perfect love which casteth out fear," than to almost any other method for the advancement of the work of God. He said, "We are a numerous people through the blessing of God, but are we a race of dwarfs or of giants? What is our stature in the spiritual life? What is the state of the work of God among ourselves in our own hearts? Is the work of God prospering in our own souls as a body of ministers? Is our piety merely official and perfunctory, or is it the hidden man of the heart? Do we really desire to be perfected in love? I heard a brother say the other day that he preached the doctrine of entire sanctification incidentally. Does that represent the general state of things? We may build new churches and chapels; we may multiply our schools; we may give our young ministers an excellent theological and general training; we may replenish our various funds—and God forbid that any of us should undervalue these important matters. But, dear brethren, let us to-day try to get to the root of the matter. Let us try to-day to look spiritual things straight in the face with regard to ourselves first, and then with regard to the beloved people. Most assuredly, beloved brethren, if this inward work, this inner life is promoted and strengthened within ourselves; if we go away from this Conference nearer to Jesus, nearer to the Father, more filled with holiness, more filled with that mighty inward power that enables us to take up the daily cross, without which we cannot expect to receive the eternal crown; if we, I say, go away filled and animated with these blessings, the result will be sure to be seen upon the societies, and congregations, and families, and schools that are committed to our charge."

Dr. Jobson gave his views on the importance of preaching holiness, and its relation to the conversion of sinners. He observed that it was not an ordinary and average state of religion "that would meet the wants of the times in which we live. The evils against which we have to battle were only to be effectually resisted and overcome by devout, serious godliness, such as was to be found in the state of soul described as that of entire sanctification, Christian holiness, or perfect love. Methodism had had from the beginning to testify of a full salvation. The founder and fathers of Methodism preached it distinctly and forcibly, and were blessed and made blessings in doing so; and unless they were faithful in this trust committed to us, they would not prosper. Their increase also depended on this. Not only does this doctrine elevate the ministry, and raise the people above earthly-mindedness, but it bears directly upon the conviction and conversion of sinners. A minister eminent for usefulness, and who was the honored instrument of salvation to hundreds, and who yearned, prayed, and wept over him on his coming into the ministry, sought to impress

him with the importance of preaching the doctrine of Christian holiness, by telling him emphatically that he had known more sinners convinced of sin and converted to God in connection with preaching it than in connection with the preaching of any other subject. And that minister accounted for it philosophically under the Holy Spirit's working. He believed that the powerful contrast presented to the mind of the sinner between what he was in his sinfulness, and what he must be in perfect holiness before he could see the Lord, affected the mind strongly as to the great spiritual change to be sought and experienced. And he (Dr. Jobson) firmly believed that if the ministers then assembled in Conference were unreservedly to consecrate themselves to God, and to go forth to preach entire devotedness to the Lord, scripturally, experimentally, and perseveringly, there would follow such a year of spiritual power and of numerical increase as had not been known in Methodism recently. That was what Methodism needed, and that was what it must have, if it were to prosper as desired."

Father Jackson, as he is called, in the ninetieth year of his age and the sixty-eighth of his membership in the Church, and more than sixty in the ministry, spoke to them, as he judged, for the last time. Such was the effect upon the Conference, that involuntarily old and young in the ministry rose to their feet, and eyes not given to weeping were suffused with tears, while the earnest old man spoke of heart-purity. He told them plainly that however unexceptionable their sermons with respect to doctrine, accent, pronunciation, and phraseology might be, unless blind eyes were opened, sinners were converted and made happy, not only in pardoning mercy, but in sanctifying grace, their ministry was a failure; and if the fault rest upon us he said, "we shall perish with the men who perish under our inefficient ministry."

Such was the spirit of this grand old Conference. May we not hope that when the leaders take such a position on the subject of heart-purity, and the baptism of power, that the young men will move to the front, and lift high this old banner of Methodism? This done, and our triumph is sure. The leaders of American Methodism are not and will not be behind the mother Church in devotion to this central truth in the doctrines of grace.

C. R. Disoway, esq., in an interesting communication to *The Christian Advocate*, gives the following notice of the very imposing and costly Methodist Episcopal edifice just erected in Baltimore, and called the Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church.

This is located in the most fashionable part of Baltimore—Mount Vernon Square—very near the great Washington Monument, and facing the beautiful Peabody Institute and an open area, or small park, of grass. This church, without doubt, in almost every aspect is the finest in the city; it is built of variegated stone, said to have been brought from four of our States—some of it all the way from Scotland. There are two towers in front, from each of which springs a spire, one not very high, the other quite lofty—one hundred and sixty-eight feet—surmounted by a cross. The interior of the edifice, sixty by eighty feet, is elegant almost beyond description. Many churches have I seen, but this in beauty outstrips them all. Modern Bezaleels and Aholiab, "with knowledge in all manner of workmanship, knowing how to devise cunning work," must have been engaged in these mechanical refinements, and the genius of the most skillful artists in various departments severely taxed to produce such brilliant, unique, tasty, and harmonious effects in moulding, carving, gilding, painting, and general decorations; indeed, if there be any fault, rather is there an excess of this.

The church has galleries, and will seat fifteen hundred worshippers. The cost of the ground was \$100,000; of the building, \$200,000. It was well remarked to me by a plain man looking over the edifice, "If the congregation would be as good as the church was beautiful, the money would not be wasted." So may it be—might I not say so will it be? for I recognize among the institutors of this Church some of the oldest, most active, and most respected members of our denomination in this city.

To fill a building like this will require a minister more than ordinary. Such a one the congregation believe they will have in Rev. Thomas Guard, who is engaged to be their pastor. I am told there will not be a cent of debt on the church when completed.

What had at first the appearance of a practical joke, seems fairly to be on the eve of a positive realization. The short passage across the British Channel is one usually attended with a severe attack of sea-sickness in the case of nearly all landmen, on account of the peculiarly uncomfortable character of the waves, particularly in a storm. A Mr. Bessemer has arranged a plan to entirely obviate the frightful nausea incident to this dreaded passage, and his suggestions are being put into practical experiment. Mr. E. J. Reed, formerly naval architect to the Admiralty, is now settling the plans of a couple of vessels with saloons ninety feet long by thirty

feet broad and twenty feet high, which are to be kept steady by hydraulic apparatus, even while all the rest of the vessel is virtually tossing in a storm. Above the saloon will be a promenade deck, seventy feet in length, of course, of equal stability. "In the roughest weather," says Mr. Bessemer, "this saloon and the deck will not be subjected to a greater amount of motion than is felt in an ordinary railway carriage." Of what a blessed memory would that man be who should be able to arrange a steamboat in the same manner for the Atlantic ferry! Who could count the Eastern tourists then?

Rev. Daniel Dorchester, of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Lowell, delivered, a few Sabbath mornings since, a plain, practical, and truly admirable discourse upon a very important theme, but one of no little delicacy, and requiring much wisdom to treat it in an impressive and profitable manner. The only sensational element in it, was its advertised topic, "Merrimack Street by Gas-light;" and when it is known that this is one of the chief streets of the city, and a centre of vice, as well as a favorite avenue for pleasure and business, the sensational heading of the discourse becomes a simple descriptive title to the actual line of discussion. The Scriptural foundation upon which the sermon rested for its divine sanction, was Prov. i. 20-23: "Wisdom crieth without," etc. A sketch of the sermon, as published in a Lowell paper, the *Vox Populi*, with deserved commendation, treats with remarkable frankness and delicacy the sins of the streets, drinking, and the social vices. With great earnestness and manly tenderness the preacher enforces the teachings and sanctions of the book from which his text is selected, and portrays with unflinching clearness the inevitable retributions attending the courses upon which so many enter but to fall into premature and fearful physical and moral ruin. It were well if such discourses, as wisely and plainly uttered, were oftener preached. Thus this good sermon, as reported barely in outline, ends:—

"What, then, are the remedies for these evils? The young must avoid running in the way of temptation. They may be legitimately and properly on the streets, but they should avoid loafing and gadding about them. Many a young man and woman now in the depths of sin can point to wasted evenings on Merrimack Street as the initial step in the downward course; there they were first entrapped by the snares of vice. Another remedy is for the young to shun lascivious thoughts. The Bible says, 'As a man thinketh so is he,' and our secret thoughts have a potent influence in forming our characters. Spend your leisure time in reading or good society. Finally, a public sentiment must be constructed which shall destroy these half-concealed corruptions. The authorities must be vigilant in crushing such offenses against public morals and prosperity. Our legislators must be men of moral courage, who will not shrink the questions which come before them, and throw the responsibilities of their position back upon the people. Christian people must by precept and example discourage such vices. And the police officers must attain to such a degree of fidelity that no distinction will be made between men—that they will prosecute all criminals equally, whether in high official position, members of the Church, or not."

The last *Watchman* (English) has a very interesting account of a great missionary breakfast held in Leeds, on Monday morning, Oct. 28. On the previous Sabbath missionary discourses were delivered in all the Wesleyan churches. It was held in a hall of the Theological Institution, and was an occasion of much enthusiasm. The assembly room was crowded with invited guests. The venerable John Farrar, who said there had been fifty-nine anniversaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and that he attended the first, presided on the occasion. Referring to that first gathering, he said:—

"At that time the subject of Foreign Missions only took up four lines in the Minutes of Conference, and these lines stated that Dr. Coke and six young men were set apart for missionary labor in Ceylon and Java. He had been at a loss to know how it was that Java had dropped out of our sight. What had God wrought during these threescore years! If our success had burst upon us all at once, what a wondrous revolution we should deem the world to have undergone!"

Mr. J. J. Fitch spoke of the feelings of mingled hope and misgiving with which he had looked forward to that meeting, and rejoiced to see that the room was almost too 'strait' to contain the numbers who had flocked together. He felt himself kindled to a greater ardor of devotion to the missionary cause than he had ever felt before. He exulted that the Connection had at last got over the limit of £150,000 (\$750,000) in its missionary income, and he thought the time had come when £200,000 (\$1,000,000) must be regarded as the goal which we were bound to reach. As a proof of his own deepened interest in the cause, he would double the amount he originally intended to give, and lay £100 (\$500) upon the missionary altar.

"The President of the Conference (Dr. Wiseman), who was warmly greeted, rejoiced that the Society was rapidly ridding itself of its incubus of debt. When he entered the Mission House, the debt amounted to

£24,000 (\$120,000; now it was but a tenth of that sum, and he hoped that before the next May meeting they would be able to exhibit a clear balance sheet. Referring to the Italian mission, he said he had been often asked when the premises recently purchased in Rome would be ready for use. He must disappoint those who had hoped to go upon an autumn excursion to the opening, by saying that not before next midsummer would it be possible to adapt the premises aforesaid to purposes of worship. Alluding to Mr. Fitch's proposal that £200,000 (\$1,000,000) should be the aim of the Methodist people, he would assure them that if they had it, they could spend it immediately. There was no want of openings. Great pressure was put upon the Committee, not only on account of missions to the heathen proper, but in reference to missions amongst the Latin races—especially in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Then Japan was opening; and in Mexico a number of Cornish miners had settled, and would heartily receive a missionary if one could be sent."

Animated speeches, accompanied by generous gifts, were made by a large number of laymen.

"At this stage of the meeting it was announced that the subscriptions already promised amounted to £890 (\$4,450), some £240 (\$1,200) in excess of last year. The Rev. John Kilner then rose, and spoke of his own living interest in the work. Twenty-five years ago he had given to it the greatest benefaction it was in his power to offer—himself; and he should go back recruited and vivified from the influences of that holy breakfast, hoping to spend in the work twenty-five years more. He was gladdened by the noble munificence he had witnessed that morning, and asked whether it would be too much to hope that the sum of £1,000 (\$5,000) would be attained before the meeting closed.

"Upon this several friends rose, and offered an augmentation of their subscriptions. Several, to the no small amusement of the meeting, began to sing the praises of their wives, and laid down sundry sums in token of their grateful appreciation of wedded bliss. Mr. Holden, who had given his usual subscription of £100 (\$500), expressed himself so pleased with the spirit of self-sacrifice manifested by Mr. Kilner, that he would give £1 (\$5) for each of the 25 years that the missionary had already labored, and £1 (\$5) for each of the 25 years that he was willing to continue in the field. This fairly wound up the financial work of the morning, and the chairman announced, amid reiterated applause that the subscriptions had reached the sum of £1,000 (\$5,000).

"The Rev. F. W. Macdonald remarked that he had never before seen such an exemplification of the maxim that 'time is money.' The moments they had spent together were truly golden, for the gold had come into the Lord's treasury at the rate of about £10 (\$50) per minute."

Our brilliant *Northwestern* confrère has a sharp way of complimenting himself at the expense of his editorial colleagues. He now affirms, what has been announced without official authority by certain letter-writers for the weekly press, that the form of the *HERALD* is to be changed, simply for the pleasure of adding, we suppose, that, in this course, we are to "conform to *The Northwestern*." If we should do so, most excellent self-complacent brother, it would be only in form, and not in power, that we should approach our sprightly friend. As to our following the example of *The Northwestern* in this matter, if, indeed, such an event should happen, it would be simply as Goldsmith long since sung of Madam Blaise,

"The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before!"

A CARD.—We are happy to say to our friends and customers in New England that the Great Fire did not harm our beautiful Wesleyan building, nor discommode our business. Yet in common with others we incidentally suffer loss. 1st. By having to re-insure all our property, or nearly so. 2d. By the depression of business in our vicinity, and otherwise.

We therefore earnestly request all indebted to the Depository, whether much or little, to send along their dues, and thus help us in the hour of trial. Every little helps. And will you not make an extra effort in circulating our Books and Periodicals? Try.

JAMES P. MAGEE, Agent,
38 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Our fine academic institution at Bucksport, unlike most of the others, is calling now, not for money, but for students. With fine buildings, out of debt, an admirable Faculty, its halls should be crowded to their utmost capacity. Our ministers should preach on the subject of Christian education, and press our families to send their children to these excellent institutions. The most valuable property that parents can bestow upon their children is a good Christian education. Send the boys and girls to Bucksport, and pray for the bestowment of the Spirit upon them while pursuing their education. Our academies have always proved gracious nurseries of the Church.

The Sunday-school and Union Tract Anniversaries, held next week—between the 23d and 25th instant,—in the city of Detroit, Michigan, will, without doubt, be

an occasion of peculiar interest. Some of our best pulpit and platform talent is engaged for the occasion, and Dr. Vincent is a prince among peers in the management of such a series of services. We heartily wish for those who have arranged the exercises and entertainments of the occasion, the highest success, and for the interests to be considered, the widest and most beneficial results.

Wesleyan Academy is out with its handsome catalogue. Rand & Avery, indeed, have the credit of its unequalled mechanical execution, but the Trustees show their good taste in employing such a house to do their work. The present term of this popular school has 187 gentlemen and 93 ladies in attendance. It has had a total of 791 students during the year. The Institution is now enjoying great prosperity, and is a most inviting and wholesome place for the education of our young people. How many of us have affectionate remembrances of old Wilbraham, and how many of us, also, find that our wives were students at the same time at the academy!

Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Somerville, has, with characteristic energy, prepared a lecture on "The Better Boston," which he intends to have illustrated with charts and pictures by a first-class artist. It is his intention to deliver this lecture West, or any other point of the compass, for the benefit of his Church enterprise, which the fire has imperilled. We shall be surprised if his most sanguine expectations are not more than realized.

The Methodist Church.

THE MISSION COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1872.

The mission committee assembled at the Mission Rooms, No. 809 Broadway, N. Y., at 10 A. M., to-day, for their annual meeting. The Committee were nearly all present, with all of the Bishops, the Secretaries, with a number of ministers and others, some of whom were connected with the press as editors, correspondents, etc. The meeting was opened by the reading of the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, conducted by Rev. Stephen Allen, of the Maine Conference, Bishop James in the chair. Dr. Read, one of the corresponding secretaries, was chosen secretary of the meeting.

The first item in the order of business was the reading of the Records of the last meeting, by Mr. Terry, Recording Secretary. Then followed the reading of the financial report, by the Treasurer, Rev. Thomas Carlton. The most interesting item in the report was the following:—

"Balance in the Treasury, November 1, 1872, \$86,396.85."

The debt of the society, which has troubled us so much by day and night, which has tormented us at our Conferences, and hung upon us as a millstone, and, in the estimation of some, seemed to threaten our ruin, and to remove which all the societies were called upon for an extra collection, has all at last vanished, and lo, and behold, to our great joy, the Treasurer announced that the Society actually had in its Treasury, after all claims against it were fully met, the sum of \$86,396.85. I hope hereafter the weak and faint-hearted will take courage, and exercise more faith in God, and in the Church, and conclude that the Church means to sustain the missionary cause, and urge on the great work of taking the world for Christ, whatever may be the condition of the Treasury at certain times, when, owing to certain untoward circumstances, it may be a little in debt.

Under the jubilant feeling occasioned by the state of the Treasury, the Committee proceeded to appropriate the sum for missions, foreign and domestic, for the ensuing year. One brother moved that the sum be \$700,000, a trifle in advance of last year. Such a resolution could not be endured, and another brother moved to amend by substituting \$800,000, which amendment prevailed, though some expressed a desire that the sum should be \$900,000, and some would even prefer a million. Thank God, a good advance has been made, and it will reach a million of dollars next year sure. Let the Church take courage—the day dawns, the day of triumph for the Gospel in all the earth—and we are greatly mistaken, if many years pass before the Methodist Episcopal Church shall swell its Treasury to many millions in aid of this glorious work.

Next came the work of dividing up the \$800,000 among the several fields of missionary labor. To Africa were appropriated \$19,000, \$10,000 of which was to be used under the direction of the Board at home, in carrying the Gospel into the interior of Africa, beyond the limits of the Liberia Annual Conference.

China received \$63,136. The work there was represented as most encouraging, and a large additional number of laborers were to be sent immediately to that field, which is white, ready for the harvest. India received \$111,310, which field is also to be re-enforced. The good work is advancing there gloriously.

South America is opening well, and \$12,200 were appropriated to aid the cause there. Bulgaria could not be given up, and received \$6,250. Italy received attention, but only received \$15,000. Mexico received \$10,000. And what is especially encouraging, a mission is to be established in Japan forthwith, and \$25,000 are appropriated to the enterprise. Let the Church rejoice in this new movement along the line.

Other fields are to receive appropriations in the foreign work, but had not been made up to this date. The domestic work at certain points, makes earnest appeals for increased appropriations, and will doubtless receive them.

The Committee will continue its meeting till Saturday night. Much remains to be done. The Committee seemed little inclined to discuss, but to act right and act. The Recording Secretaries seem perfectly familiar with the fields occupied by

the Society, and express themselves freely of their condition and necessities. They are alive to every part of the missionary work.

The Bishops are a force and a power in the meeting. They speak freely, take an active part in the proceedings, and evince a thorough acquaintance with all matters connected with the missions of the Society.

Never did the Committee meet under circumstances more auspicious. From the foreign and domestic fields they are cheered and encouraged in their work. The providence of God, as seen in the reports from all parts of the work, calls upon them to act nobly, generously, and to take wide and comprehensive views of the duty of the Church in the conversion of the world. We are looking for glorious results of their present meeting. But we must close this hasty sketch.

R. W. A.

MAINE ITEMS.

Several persons were recently baptized at the Freewill Baptist Church in Richmond. The parish we learn is in a prosperous condition. The recent distressing sickness in the village is abating, much to the relief of the people who have suffered so severely during its continuance. The Methodist Church which has been undergoing repairs for sometime past, is nearly ready to re-occupy. The present pastor, Rev. J. B. Lapham, is reported as doing excellent service in this parish.

The new Baptist Church in Buckfield was burned last Sabbath. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. What a proof of human depravity! It is hoped that this suffering society will be liberally remembered in this time of need.

We learn from a reliable source that the Maine State Agricultural College is in a very flourishing condition. The President, Rev. C. F. Allen, D. D., is fast winning golden opinions in the institution. We are informed that a son of one of the members of the Maine Conference is soon to enter the college. Success to the enterprise, and to President Allen. We were very unwilling to lose him from the pastorate in the Maine Conference, but glad to learn that he is succeeding so well in his new field.

Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church in Lewiston, having been elected to the professorship of rhetoric and homiletics in the theological department of Bates College has resigned his pastorate of that society, to take effect the first of January. One of the officers of the college informs us that this arrangement is highly gratifying to the friends of the institution, although the Main Street parish meets with a heavy loss.

The Methodist Church in Belfast is enjoying a continuous revival of religion. A gentleman from that section of the State informs us that Rev. W. L. Brown, the present pastor, is an efficient and earnest worker and successful preacher, and that large additions have been made to the society under his pastorate. Belfast is a very thriving place. The Congregational and Baptist churches are without pastors, but hope to be supplied soon.

The catalogue of Bowdoin College for 1872, shows this time-honored institution of our State to be advancing under its new administration to a much higher plane of usefulness. The summary of students is as follows: Seniors, 36; Juniors, 37; Sophomores, 56; Freshmen, 60; Special Student, 1; Medical Department, 70; Post Graduates, 5. Grand total, 265. The Report gives 29 instructors in the different departments.

A powerful revival of religion is now in progress at Belgrade Mills. Last week twenty-five or thirty persons were converted and reclaimed, and on Sabbath evening there were ten new cases forward for prayers. The good work has been increasing for sometime past. Several have been baptized recently, and some added to the Church in full membership. "Glory to God in the highest." Jesus reigns. C.

PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

Protracted meetings have recently been held at Cumberland, Thomson Church, Pawtucket, and Asbury Chapel, in this city, with most excellent results in each place. Each of these charges is now in a state of revival, and sinners are every week seeking the Saviour. The old-fashioned ways of working are not yet effete.

The foundations of the new Power Street Church are being laid at the junction of Hope and Power Streets, and before many months we expect to see a large and beautiful edifice erected upon them, such a one as shall be an honor to Methodism, and an ornament to the city. The old structure has passed into the hands of its purchasers. The closing services were of a very interesting character. In the afternoon memorial addresses were delivered by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Willett, Rev. G. M. Carpenter, formerly Presiding Elder of the Providence District, and Rev. James Mather, one of the former pastors of the Church. In the evening there was a sacramental service, and a very emotional love-feast. The society is now worshipping, by invitation, with the Episcopal Church of our Saviour, which has very generously and in most admirable low-church fashion thrown its doors wide open.

Old Chestnut Street, after having newly fitted up its vestries, and remodeled its parsonage at great expense, has determined to take a still more important stride forward, by making extensive improvements in its auditorium, and on the exterior of the church. The old-fashioned windows are to give way to mullioned windows with colored glass. The galleries are to be modified so as to present a lighter and much more attractive appearance. A recess is to be built on in the rear, thus giving room for the enlargement of the platform and altar. A new pulpit, with settee, chairs and communion table to match, is to be put in. The walls are to be attractively frescoed, wood-work painted in light colors, the seats are to be re-upholstered, new arrangements for lighting are to be introduced, new carpets are to be laid down, and the organ is to be rebuilt. The entrances to the church are to be greatly improved, and it is to be painted white. When the work is completed, the audience-room will be one of the most beautiful in New England. Hitherto, though large and finely proportioned, it has been cold and gloomy in its aspect. These changes will cost six thousand dollars, all of which amount is already pledged. It is hoped that they will be finished by the first of

January. Meanwhile the afternoon preaching service will be held in the Mathewson Street Church, which has been very kindly tendered for the purpose. These material improvements are an indication of the earnest, harmonious, and progressive spirit which now characterizes the society. It has a strong team of young converts, who are working grandly, and the older members are in no degree behind them in enthusiasm.

Bishop Haven made us a flying visit of about three hours in length, on Thursday of last week. There were but few of his friends who got so much as a peep at him. He was brought hither by his interest in the welfare of our Conference Seminary.

Our hearts are bleeding for Boston. Providence will be ready with her contributions, as well as her sympathies. S.

EAST MAINE.

As your Maine itemizer, in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, crosses the Kennebec, it may be pardonable in an "Oriental" traveler if he sets foot on the western hemisphere. Waterville is the seat of the Colby University, under the direction of the Baptists. It is a beautiful village on the banks of the river, eighteen miles above Augusta. The old college buildings need remodeling and improving very much indeed. Memorial Hall, which cost \$40,000, is a fine building; so is the new building, in process of erection, for scientific purposes, which will cost \$25,000 or \$30,000. The library-room in the former is one of the best I ever saw; convenient and beautiful. Prof. Hamlin, of the Natural Sciences, will soon move into the new building, where his specimens will appear to much better advantage. He and his excellent lady have shown their humanitarian sympathies by adopting a little colored girl, not as a servant, but for purposes of general culture. This will please Bishop Haven. The grounds, though not as extensive as some others, are very beautiful, being directly on the banks of the Kennebec, and well shaded. The new Central depot, built of brick, is a little too near, as the smoke from the engines and machine-shops blows over the grounds and through the buildings; the college boys might be unjustly accused of smoking a *la* Gen. Grant. The catalogue has fifty-four names. The beautiful location, new buildings, and able and faithful teaching, ought to attract three times that number. At the last commencement President Champlin resigned, though he is now acting president. His successor is not known.

West Waterville, before the railroad era, was a very small affair. Now it is alive with industries. Very prominent among all its activities, are the factories of the "Dunn Edge Tool Company." R. B. Dunn, esq., of Waterville, a member of our Church, owns about six sevenths of these extensive works, and John Ayer, esq., is the very efficient agent and part owner. With the push of Dunn, and the quiet determination of Ayer, there will be good ventilation, and things will be well done.

The pews in the new church at East Vassalboro' are about all sold. Brother Bidwell's excellent sermon helped the people to bid well for pews. It is a neat church, well furnished. There have been a few conversions in Rev. P. Higgins' charge at Winslow. The people are very well pleased with their minister. Also, some conversions in Rev. M. G. Prescott's charge, at East Pittston and Whitefield. Brother Prescott is doing good service, and is very much beloved by the people.

The simplicity of the Darwinian theory appears in the statement, that while a monkey was sitting on the shore, after a tremendous storm, admiring the grandeur of the ocean, the scene produced powerful nervous excitement, under which he chafed off his tail on the rocks of the beach, when he jumped up, and said, "I am now no longer a monkey, but a man."

H.

EDUCATIONAL.

The members of the theological department of the Boston University passed the following resolution, and requested that the same be sent to ZION'S HERALD for publication:—

Resolved, That we return our hearty thanks to Mr. William Webber, proprietor of Webber & Co.'s Express, of this city, and Messrs. Webster & Folger, salesmen in Brooks' & Co.'s furniture store, for removing our goods to a place of safety during the great fire.

We also return our thanks to Messrs. Rich, Ryder & Lathrop, for their aid in returning the same.

W. E. DWIGHT, Secretary.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—This important Seminary has suffered greatly in consequence of the sickness which compelled the suspension of the fall term. But we understand the loss will be but temporary. The trustees have resolved to secure immediate removal of the debt now resting on the Seminary, and so put it in better condition than heretofore. The winter term, we hear, will open at the usual time, unless delayed for a week by the necessary renovation of the boarding-house.

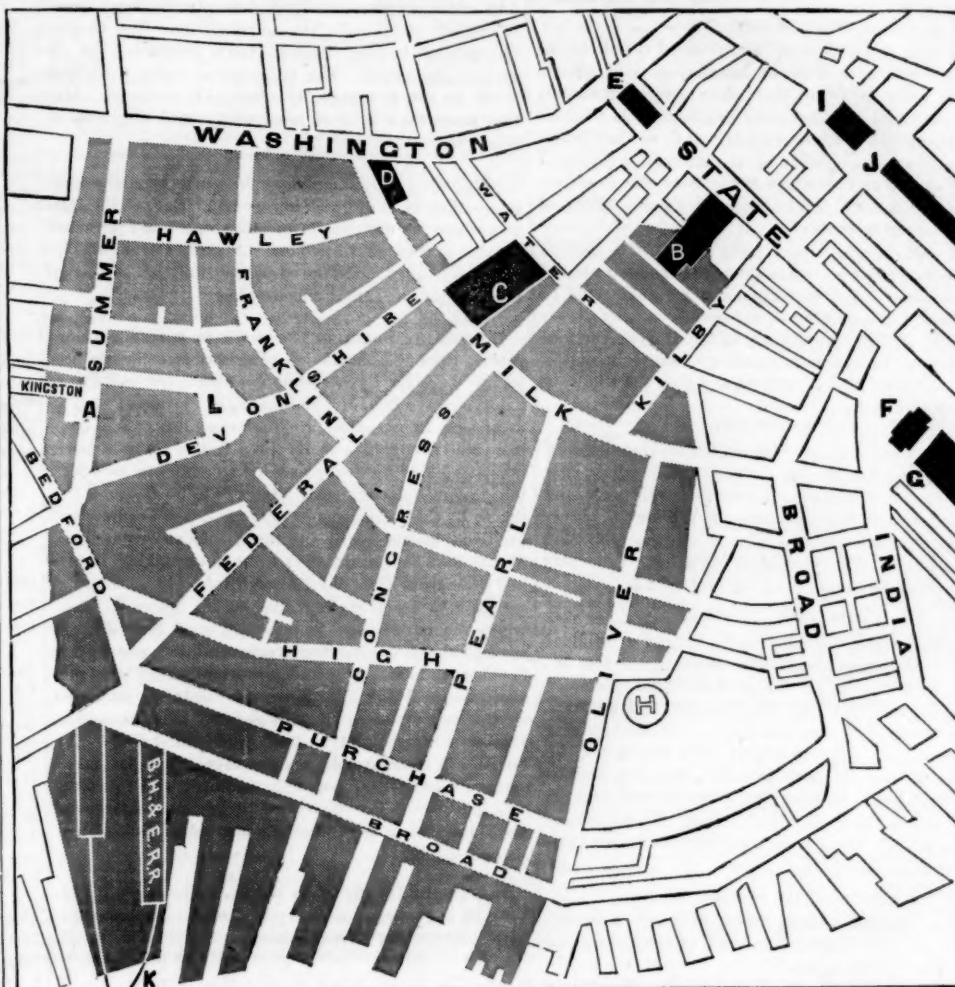
RELIGION AT HARVARD.—Improved opportunities alone, count in our favor. Time was when I should have shrunk from attempting to persuade the editor of the HERALD, that there was such a thing as religion at Harvard.

But a change has occurred, and I venture a brief sketch of the state of religious matters here. I shall present the bright side, for the other side does not require presentation. That has been often and faithfully done already. Many think that skepticism and infidelity are taught here as special branches. The truth is, we are simply taught to think—not "philosophy, but to philosophize." I should except the department of ethics, where religious duty is made attractive and enforced by Dr. Peabody, whom all the students love for his kind heart and Christian virtues.

The main influence, therefore, which is brought to bear upon any one, comes from his fellow students. Granting that the majority of them are not religious, is there no counter sentiment?

Passing by the several general religious organizations, which are well sustained, I wish to speak in particular of one, which

THE BURNT DISTRICT.



- A. Point where the fire began.
- B. Merchant's Exchange.
- C. New Post Office.
- D. Old South Church.

- E. Old State House.
- F. Custom House.
- H. Fort Hill.
- I. Faneuil Hall.

- J. Quincy Market.
- K. B. H. & E. R. R.
- L. Winthrop Square.

has a special aim. It is composed of young men, about twenty in number, who have the Christian ministry in view. It is, to be sure, only about a year old, but it promises to be of long life, and lasting benefit to its members. Its object is to gather into its fold, as soon as they enter college, all those who feel it their duty to preach. Thus they will not only be kept from forgetting their duty in college, but also be preparing for the performance of it in after life. The meetings are of a literary character. The subjects discussed mostly, have a direct bearing upon the practical work of the ministry.

The society is necessarily a "coalition." All prominent, evangelical denominations are represented. Harmony, however, always prevails, as may be inferred from the fact that discussions are allowed only upon subjects on which all evangelical denominations are agreed. The object is not to wrangle, but to get an insight into the nature of our life-work. The members were greatly profited during the past year by visits from several experienced clergymen of Boston and Cambridge. After the regular exercises had been performed, the visitor was invited to criticize and offer such advice as he thought proper. Clergymen and theological students will be always welcomed at our meetings.

For the benefit of others, as well as ourselves, a course of sermons will be delivered before this Society, on successive Sunday evenings, from November 10 to December 15, at the Shepard Memorial Church. All are invited. The list of preachers is as follows:—

- Nov. 10, Rev. E. B. Webb, D. D., Congregational, Boston.
- Nov. 17, Rev. Wm. F. Warren, D. D., Methodist Theological Seminary, Boston.
- Nov. 24, Rev. Wm. N. McVicker, Episcopalian, New York.
- Dec. 1, Rev. Wm. Ormiston, D. D., Reformed (Dutch), New York.
- Dec. 8, Rev. Wm. Hague, D. D., Baptist, Orange, N. J.
- Dec. 15, Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., Presbyterian, Princeton, N. J.

I have written this sketch with the desire that my own Church may know that there are earnest Christian workers at Harvard. If I have carried conviction my object is accomplished.

H. H.

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

It is alleged that great frauds have been discovered in the office of the harbor Commissioners at San Francisco.

The Kennebec River is rising, and the wharves at Augusta overflowed.

President Thiers has just sent his message to the National Assembly. He says half the loan has been realized in three months. Germany has paid 800,000,000 francs of the war indemnity, and she will receive 200,000,000 more in December. The budget shows a deficit of 132,000,000 francs for the past fiscal year, but the estimates show that the equilibrium of expenditure and reserve will be restored in 1873, and that a surplus may be looked for in 1875.

THE GREAT FIRE.

We present our readers with an excellent and correct map of the burnt district, which all who are familiar with Boston will at once recognize. Those who are not acquainted with our city will gain, by the references above, a better idea of the fire than any description which we could give.

We were unable last week to ascertain the correct figures, giving, with some allowance, the estimates furnished by the daily papers. It appears now that the total loss on real estate and personal property will come inside of \$100,000,000; some place it at \$80,000,000. Although many of the insurance companies will be unable to meet their liabilities, yet it is supposed that most of them will pay at least fifty per cent., and many in full. The local Boston offices suffer most, while the English offices will probably lose not short of \$4,000,000.

From all sides come substantial expressions of sympathy, and offers of relief. Among the first was Chicago, with a delegation from her Relief Committee, with characteristic generosity. It is gratifying to know, however, that the cases of real personal suffering are comparatively few. Girls, clerks, and young merchants just struggling into a competency, felt the calamity most, the latter being a class that cannot well be relieved by charitable assistance. The other classes are being provided for with great energy and liberality.

The appearance of the "burnt district" has considerably changed by the operations of the gangs of workmen employed in tearing down and clearing away. The debris is nearly entirely cleared out of High and Purchase Streets, Milk Street is clear, part of Franklin Street is open, the passages along the harbor front are free, and in fact ways are clear so that teams can now pass very nearly all about and through the district. But still there are tons of rubbish yet untouched; great masses of broken granite lying about; immense quantities of twisted and tangled pipes, broken and bent iron columns scattered in the way; many jagged walls are still standing, some towering dangerously but grandly up from the heaps of bricks and stone, and burned stuff about; the picturesque ruins in Winthrop Square remain as on the day after the fire; the marble front of Macaulay, Williams & Parker still stands; and old Trinity's picturesque ruin has not yet all disappeared. The scenes within the district are but little changed, yet they proved attractive to many who get beyond the military lines. Large numbers of men are searching the ruins for valuables, examining and opening vaults and safes, and digging out half-burned stuff from the ashes; photographers are busy perched on heaps of stone taking views; several on Pearl Street, in the neighborhood of which are the most picturesque portions of the ruins; others in the vicinity of Devonshire Street; and others still in the Summer Street district; fire engines are yet working at half a dozen points throwing huge streams upon the great leather furnaces, or the smouldering fires under the banks of brick and mortar, or some vault at which groups of men are anxiously gazing; volumes of smoke continue to come up out of the caverns which have been made by the disinterment of safes; and the fires in the vast coal heaps on the wharves off from Broad Street yet burn furiously.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1872.

A REGENERATED CITY.

"The long agony is over," and General Grant elected to the presidency. Without interfering with others' opinions, allow me to say, that, under the circumstances, in the judgment of your correspondent, it is the best choice that could have been made. It is not my intention, however, to comment on the national election; I want to spread on the wings of the wind the great results of last week's political contest on the affairs of the commercial emporium.

Every well-informed man must know, that about a year ago, our city was, many thought hopelessly, in the power of some of the worst of men, who contrived to steal about forty millions of the public money; however by the skillful management of Mr. Havemeyer, and other honest citizens, sometime ago, one link of the chain that bound us was broken, and now the whole of it has fallen to pieces.

THE MAYORALTY.

Hall who was lately tried for neglect and found guilty in auditing accounts against the city, and in whose case the jury disagreed, has been deposed from his place, and a straightforward, firm, honest man, William F. Havemeyer, a regular attendant of one of the Methodist churches of this city, elected in his place. From this change every one is expecting the best results.

THE CITY JUDGE.

This officer, whose jurisdiction is confined to criminal cases, has also been displaced. Bedford, the late incumbent, makes room for Judge Sutherland, formerly of the Supreme Court, an upright man, and first-rate lawyer. On the well-remembered trial of the boy who killed one of the employees of that noble institution, the House of Refuge, Bedford presided, and his Roman Catholic proclivities were so clearly manifested, that all thinking citizens were disgusted. They did not forget it, and Bedford's votes were some thousands less than the others of his party.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Here also has been a change for the better. It is well known to our people that hundreds of the culprits of this city have escaped punishment through the negligence, or something worse, of the District Attorney's office; this, we trust, will now be remedied, as an honest, fearless officer has been elected in place of one who, we all feared, was faithless to this important position.

THE ALDERMEN.

Of the fifteen of these functionaries, just elected, nine are respectable, worthy citizens, all of them recommended by our committee of reform. This is a great triumph; we are all hoping that New York will soon present to the country a well-regulated city, free from the suspicion of the bribery of her officials, and many other offences against a good honest administration which have formerly covered it with disgrace. So may it be.

D. R. C.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

THE GOSPEL IN MEXICO. — For three centuries no Protestant Christian effort was made for the people of Mexico. During those centuries the Roman Church fortified itself with immense convents, inquisition buildings, Jesuit colleges, and countless magnificent stone churches were built in that rich Spanish colony, while a vast army of friars, Jesuits, and other satellites of Rome, crowded its cities and villages.

A Republican party was organized there in 1821, and in 1857 it triumphed over the Roman Church party, and proclaimed liberty to worship God, suppressed the convents, and sold the convent property for educational purposes. This was a great reform movement, and glorious have been its successes. Many priests have been converted, and are now preaching Jesus to the people, and some of the best churches in the country are now used for Protestant worship. A good work of grace is in progress throughout the country. Rev. H. C. Riley, D. D., whose labors have greatly contributed to the advancement of this good work, recently administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in an expatriated church, to 400 communicants, converts from Romanism, assisted in the administration by four converted Roman priests. Mightily does the Word of God there prevail. The American and Foreign Christian Union is now directing this great movement, and has been greatly blessed in its labors to enlighten and save the people.

THE FAREWELL MISSIONARY MEETING in New York,

on the 21st ult. with a company of eight on the eve of their embarkation for India, was a season of thrilling interest. The addresses were excellent — deeply affecting — most of which were from the missionaries. The singing charmed all hearts. Bishop Harris conducted the exercises admirably. The missionaries sailed from New York in the steamer "Wyoming," October 23. May they reach their field of labor safely, and long live to bless the heathen world.

SWEDEN. — The *Missionary Magazine* reports a most interesting work of grace in Sweden. Rev. C. E. Malm writes that at one prayer-meeting one hundred asked for the prayers of Christians. A general religious interest prevailed, and the prospects for the spread of Christianity were most encouraging.

ROME AND SPAIN. — The truth is spreading more rapidly than ever in Rome. The way is evidently preparing there for a great triumph of pure, spiritual Christianity. Says Rev. Mr. McDougall, of Florence: "The claims of Rome alone are overwhelming. We have had three evangelists of our Free Italian Church there, laboring; now the two places of worship are crowded; the class of catechumens who desire to be instructed in the A, B, C, of Christianity, contains 203 persons, and are well instructed by spiritually-minded evangelists. Signor Rari has been called there, after taking license and ordination from the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland." There are now five or six places in Rome where the pure Gospel is preached every Sabbath, and several times during the week, and the people are flocking to hear. Multitudes are embracing the truth as it is in Jesus. In Spain, as in Italy, the good work is advancing. The public mind is awakened to Protestant Christianity. The American Presbyterian Board has commenced a mission there, and has taken under its care Miss Laura G. Sanford, who for some time has been in Christian work at her own charges at Madrid. Her letters indicate many openings in Calencia and Malaga.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE AT BASEL. — Rev. Stephen M. Vail, D. D., writes from Germany, to the *Christian Advocate*, respecting the Missionary Institute at Basel. He says its funds are raised principally by the "agency system," in which eloquent and able men, especially returned missionaries, traverse the country, holding missionary meetings, etc., for the purpose of diffusing missionary information, arousing the people, and raising funds. But he thinks the Church should not depend on such agencies alone; that, for a permanent plan, ours laid down in the Discipline is the best. The fact is, we need both; they work well together, and we hope that our new missionary secretaries will see that they are both carried out. The Church needs arousing on the subject of missions greatly, and we hope the arousements will be applied at once. O for a general stirring up on the subject in the churches! Let the Disciplinary plan be worked thoroughly by the preachers and people, and we shall soon witness a new missionary dispensation in the Church. We hope the secretaries will give the Church more missionary information, and influence the editors of our Church papers to give, at least one column of intelligence each week to their readers.

THE NEW ORPHAN HOUSE in South India, recently established by the English Wesleyan missionaries, promises great good. It is principally under the direction of Rev. George Fryar, and will soon provide for fifty Tamil boys, who will be rescued from vice, wretchedness, and heathenism; and may we not expect they will soon become Christian teachers? Glorious results must attend the enterprise.

THE AMERICAN BOARD has greatly improved in its financial condition during the year. It now has a balance in its favor of nearly \$9,000; much of it, however, was received from legacies. The Board was remembered in the wills of deceased members of the Church. This is right. Every Christian who makes a will should remember the Church.

THE COLLECTIONS. — Many of our churches will take their annual missionary collection soon, and we bespeak a large advance this year in those collections. Don't forget the singing of another tune in the Missionary speech, published in the *HERALD* some weeks since. We must sing to the tune of one million sure.

MISSIONARY CONCERTS. — We regret exceedingly that missionary concerts are not held in all our churches. Brethren in the ministry, don't fail to see that these meetings are held monthly. The people, the cause needs them. They will be made a great blessing to the Church. Try them. You will find them the most interesting meetings of the month.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Archbishop Manning, Roman Catholic Archbishop of England, attended a large temperance meeting on Clerkenwell-green, on Sunday afternoon. The gathering was the fifth of a series, and it is stated that from 4,000 to 5,000 persons were present. The meeting was addressed by Father Lockhart, of Kingsland, who has taken the leading part in the movement, and who earnestly urged his hearers to take the total pledge as the best and only way to avoid crime and poverty, and to raise the Irish working man in London to a level with his fellows. The meeting was subsequently addressed by some working men and others, and also by Archbishop Manning, who afterwards enrolled several hundred persons kneeling before him, mostly men and women, as members of a temperance society.

[A good example for the Catholic clergy in this country to follow.] — [ED. *HERALD*.]

A model of Solomon's Temple, carved in lime-tree wood, according to the descriptions of Josephus, is to be shown at the World's Fair at Vienna. It occupies a space of 225 square feet, and 23 cases will be required to transport it.

Our Social Meeting.

This article must end the controversy upon this point. It has continued in a good spirit, but cannot be profitably protracted. Brother W. B. Bartlett thus answers a correspondent: —

For the first time in my life do I take my pen to comment in any form upon anything found in the columns of the *HERALD*. I have no wish or desire to awaken "unholy controversies," or to dispute with any one, but I do desire to ask my Rev. Brother W. H. Boole a few questions for information. These questions arose in my mind as I read his answer to the communication of "A Hearer."

1. By what authority does he apply the expression of St. Paul, "to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse," which the "Father hath made meet to be partakers of the saints in light," exclusively to those he calls sanctified?

2. Does he intend by the term "secure," its usual and general meaning, namely, "to make certain, to put beyond hazard?"

3. Does he intend to convey the idea that an individual justified before God is destitute of that holiness requisite to salvation in heaven? He intimates that this holiness is not wrought in a justified soul, and asks, "What Methodist says it is?" I answer emphatically, I do.

Lastly, Will the brother explain what he intends to convey by the vessel on quarantine, he asks, "Is there no analogy here?" There may be, but I fail to see it.

I write this, not in opposition to that central doctrine of the Bible, holiness, for I am strong in the faith, but I think our "explanations" sometimes need a little elucidating, that we do not "quench the smoking flax." Don't lower the standard of Justification.

A brother rises to speak on this alarming subject: —

ANOTHER RAILROAD DISASTER.

The public mind is pained and shocked with the tidings of another of the oft-repeated and fatal railroad accidents which unbidden crowd in upon us. As in most every case, so in this in regard to the Seabrook horror, investigations are going on in the hope of ferreting out the perpetrator of the crime, or of finding the delinquent who may have unwittingly failed to make secure a railroad switch. But while the public is sifting this matter, would it not be as well to study the *real* cause of such calamities, as to learn the name of the particular individual who may be largely instrumental in hurling a score of souls (or less) into eternity, and jeopardizing the lives of hundreds?

Had Jezebel lived in this age, probably when thrown from her window by eunuchs at the command of Jehu, what remained of her miserable carcass that greedy dogs did not devour, would have been gathered up, and a coroner's jury summoned; and doubtless the verdict rendered, would have been in accordance with the facts afforded at the inquest. But would these testimonies be all that might be produced in her case? There was a deeper reason: Ahab was a willing tool in her hands; she had propagated idolatry in the land, through her counsels Israel had sinned, the blood of Naboth was in the skirts of her garments, and the prophets of the Lord were the objects of her revenge. For these, and other crimes, God had said that the dogs should eat the carcass of this vile woman. There could be no possible remedy except in true repentance. Thus it will be in regard to the recent accident, as it has been in many similar calamities. The verdict will doubtless be in harmony with the outward facts, with the additional remark, that none of the officers of the road are in any way culpable for the disaster. But there is reason to believe there are causes for these heart-rending casualties beyond what may be produced at the sitting of a coroner's jury.

Passenger trains upon the railroads in this country have become incorporated pandemoniums. To nearly every train is attached what purports to be a smoking-car; but proves in addition thereto in many instances, to be a drinking and gambling-car. Ministers of the Gospel, and men of piety in different departments of the Church that travel upon these public thoroughfares, must have their moral feelings outraged by being con-

pled on to one of these gambling dens. And what violates the moral sense of all good people, is an act of defiance against God himself. As God stretched out His arm against Ahab and Jezebel, and all their house, so is he at war with every man and every corporation that establishes and defends such wickedness. While this evil is tolerated upon our roads, we may expect to have disasters; trains will be plunged into the yawning gulf by the opening of a draw, and hurled over the fearful precipice by the misplacing of a rail; and fire and steam always ready at hand, will appear as auxiliaries to help on the general ruin. And these calamities can no more be foreseen and prevented, than could the Sodomites stay the fire which fell from heaven upon their devoted city. By putting away the wrong, God will throw around them a net-work of providences for good. Remove from these public conveyances the seductive baits which lead so many of the youth into vice and crime, and I believe from the heart, that the press will not be compelled to chronicle the details of so many heart-sickening railroad butcheries.

The Farm and Garden.

WORK FOR THE MONTH.—Although the crops are harvested, the fields bare, and the trees leafless, there are plenty of duties to be performed by the farmer in the month of November. The searching northwest wind in a November evening, and the frozen ground in early morning, ought to suggest that every proper preparation should be made to keep the family warm through the winter, and at an economical cost. All repairs on the house should be done at once. It will be more comfortable, and much cheaper to keep the wind out of the house, than to warm it when it has come in.

The vegetables and fruits in the cellar should not freeze. Bank up liberally with evergreen branches, and shovel the first snow that falls in among them. This will be far better than earth as a protection against frost, and a cleaner and easier way. Use dry wood for fires, and keep one or two rooms, at least, always warm, night and day.

Stock in the Barn.—Pastures have failed. If grass is there, it has been frozen, and converted into something else than sweet nutritious grass. Cattle love to roam among and eat it; it is their nature to be in the open air and free. Let them go among it an hour or two each fair day if they will, but do not depend upon it to make milk or flesh.

The change from fresh juicy grass to dry fodder is a wide one. Help them along for awhile with a few roots, a little meal or grain, and a variety of the dry fodder, instead of a constant feed upon one kind. This they will repay with interest. It is a trying time for them. With young cattle, especially, is this the case. If you wish to see bright eyes, sleek coats, and rapid growth, give them warm quarters by themselves, feed liberally, and not allow older stock to take their food away, and otherwise impose upon them.

Fattening Hogs need dry and warm places; no cracks under their floors. Give them a drink of pure water occasionally, if they take it. Keep them in clean, healthy places, if you want sweet and healthy pork.

Care of Sheep.—Arrange for sheep so that they can go into the open air if they prefer it; or else provide perfect ventilation for their pens. Give them all a fair chance when feeding and drinking. Make the change as slight as possible between grass and dry feed. Any considerable change will not only check their growth, and make weak lambs, but cause an imperfect spot in the wool, and thus render it less valuable when you sell it. Take them from good pasture and put them upon a diet of meadow hay, and their wool will show when it was done. Be liberal with them, and they will be liberal with you.

Barnyards.—Do not allow the stock to flounder about in the barnyard through the winter in mud or manure, but spread over it all sorts of litter that can be spared. They will be cleaner and more comfortable for it when in their stalls. In going over it they will work down a ton or more of coarse stuff into a fine compost. See, also, that the liquids of the barnyard do not run away and be lost.

Water Courses.—Examine these, and ascertain if they are free, so that they may not be damaged by flooding.

Draining.—This important work may be continued in November. Nothing pays better where water stands under land that is to be cultivated.

Pruning.—If this was not finished in October, do it now; but by no means in March, April, or May.

Workshop.—Have one, of some kind, and get tools as they are needed. — *New England Farmer.*

THE HORSE DISEASE.—The *Boston Daily Advertiser* publishes the following opinion of Dr. Very, the surgeon employed by the city:—

He says the disease is a species of acute catarrh with a fever, not entirely unlike that usual among horses; but that it differs in many respects, the symptoms varying both in character and intensity. The majority of the cases are a mild form of the inflammatory disease of the mucous membranes of the throat and nostrils. In some cases there is a swelling of the throat, in others a dryness of the nostrils and throat, causing an uncomfortable and painful sensation, which is manifested by unsuccessful attempts at sneezing, accompanied with violent coughing. Instead of the ordinary accelerated pulse which accompanies simple fever, there is discovered a weak, wavering pulse, showing that the vital forces have become diminished—a condition like that produced by belladonna, aconite, and other sedatives. In the milder forms of the distemper there is a

pale ness of the membranes of the eye and nostril, indicating a feeble arterial circulation. In the severer forms these membranes assume a yellow or brown color, showing the non-elimination of bile, similar to that well-marked symptom which occurs in typhoid influenza. As a disease, it progresses and assumes a form worse than that of typhoid influenza. The respiration is accelerated, and the pulse becomes quicker, more distinct and irregular. The origin of the disease is, like that of many other distempers, unknown. The peculiar atmosphere, however, has some connection with the infection, as horses only are affected. A specific poison infuses itself into the blood, and is generated in the animal. The horses are affected according to their condition and surroundings. With regard to the treatment, he says the proper remedy in most cases is one dram of chlorate of potash dissolved in a half-pail of water, to be given morning and evening. In some of the severer cases he recommends one half dram of calomel to be placed on the tongue. In cases where there are symptoms of weakness, stimulants may be given, with one half dram of fluid extract of cayenne, to be placed undiluted under the tongue. The use of aconite, belladonna and such tinctures should never be permitted, as they serve to lower the beating of the heart and otherwise imperil the life of the horse. When the nostrils become dry they should be steamed two or three times a day by means of a bucket of hay or oats, upon which boiling water should be poured. To perfect the steaming process, the head of the animal should be then placed so as to inhale the steam. The hay or oats used in steaming, after becoming cool, should be given to the animal, as it serves to nourish and strengthen him. Horses without appetite should be given small quantities of feed at long intervals. The horses affected with the disease should be carefully nursed and kept well clothed. Horses affected should not be worked in any case. Dr. Very said the whole matter had not been properly represented to the press, the distemper being of a more severe form than was at first anticipated. The greatest ratio of deaths would be among those horses which have been worked after becoming affected.

In England, where it is said that this disease is well known, it is the common practice to burn a few ounces of sulphur on a pan of coals, five or six times daily, so that every part of the stable may become fumigated; the sick animals being at the same time well cared for and blanketed.

The *Blanket* gives the following as a simple remedy for the distemper:—

Administer a tablespoonful of ground ginger three times a day, mixed with their feed, and at night the same dose, mixed with hot mush. Ten drops of aconite, given in two ounces of water, has been found to relieve the cough which attends the malady. Hostlers and others whose duty calls them near diseased horses cannot be too careful to avoid being poisoned by the discharge of matter from the nostrils.

Obituaries.

Rev. JOHN R. TIDY died, of typhoid fever, at his residence in Springfield, Mass., Nov. 2, aged 25 years.

Brother Tidy was born in England, and came to this country about ten years since, whither he was soon after followed by his father and family who became residents of Maryland.

Brother Tidy became the subject of converting grace at the age of 17 years, and with premonitions of his subsequent calling, pursued his academic studies at Pennington, N. J.; and for a brief time, at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. About two years since he was married to Maria, only daughter of Rev. A. C. Manson, of the New Hampshire Conference, and went to Minnesota, where he labored under the direction of the Presiding Elder. A year since, in consequence of the failing health of his wife, he sought work in her native New England, and was appointed in charge of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. At the last session of the New England Conference he was received into that body as a probationer, and returned to the same appointment, where he has labored with marked fidelity and usefulness until arrested by disease, and by his ministry of suffering called to his rest.

Our young brother was not one who would attract marked attention at casual meetings. He was very unassuming, seemingly timid, and distrustful of his own abilities. Yet by the tenderness and simplicity that so characterized his deportment, the manifestly deep tone of his piety, the self-balance of his active and well-cultured mind, as well as by the devotion and ability with which he discharged the duties of his calling, he won strongly upon the confidence and the affection of all who came within the sphere of his influence.

The manifest strength and activity of his intellectual powers, his devotion to study and system in its prosecution, his deep conscientiousness and pervading piety, together with his agreeable social qualities, all contributed to give an earnest of a career of honor and usefulness in the work to which, under a call from the Master, he had consecrated himself. We pause in astonishment over the event, wondering that one so strong in the vigor of early manhood, and so fitted for the work of the age, should be thus removed.

But faith triumphs; and we look up with gratitude that He who calleth His servants home, is pledged to carry on His work. To the sympathies and prayers of the Church we earnestly commend her who, knowing him best, and therefore prizing him most, weeps over the desolations in her hopes, her home, her heart.

L. R. T.

Springfield, Nov. 8, 1872.

The following *In Memoriam* of Brother Tidy was adopted by the "Gamma Phi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon," Wesleyan University:—

Another brother has fallen in the battle of life. We shall look in vain for his noble form and thoughtful brow; we shall miss his genial smile and sympathizing heart; but we can never cease to love him as a brother, admire him as a scholar, and feel the influence of his earnest, Christian manhood. We had proudly hoped to see him, in the future, one of the foremost of the defenders of truth. But his great Captain has summoned him to join the hosts above.

As a Fraternity we unite in paying a tribute to his memory. We draw our badges in mourning as a token of the heart's deep grief, and utter our feelings in these words of sympathy with his afflicted relatives and bereaved congregation, tenderly commending them to Him who said, "What I do thou knowest

not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "Jesus wept" at the grave of Lazarus. He stands to-day, not only at the new-made grave, but before the hearts of the afflicted to administer the balm of consolation.

IVINS MESLER,
A. WM. SEAVEY, } Committee.
J. T. SMOCK,

In Waukena, Kansas, Aug. 26, at the residence of her son, Gerard Bardwell, Mrs. AMANDA BARDWELL, aged 47 years, after a painful and lingering illness of seven months.

Few women are permitted to leave the record of a life so well spent in faithful duty, so rich in faith, so abundant in sympathy, devotion, and charity, as Mrs. Bardwell. Born in Middletown, Conn., she, at the age of 15, connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in that place, and for more than forty years strove to walk near and like Him she had chosen as her guide and Saviour. As daughter, sister, wife, mother, teacher, and friend, how true she was to the great pattern after which she sought to mould her life, hundreds of those who loved and mourn her can testify. She was for nine years matron of the New Haven Orphan Asylum, and liberally spent herself in devotion to the labors, cares, and responsibilities of that post. She was a veritable mother to the forsaken, hapless little creatures that were gathered there, and in sickness or health was ever ready, with quick hand and open heart, to minister to their wants or wishes. More than one young man and woman, now settled in happy, prosperous life, has sought her out in later years, to thank her for kindness and love extended to them when inmates of that institution. When remonstrated with by friends, who thought her unremitting labors would impair her health, her frequent reply was, "It is not for now, but for hereafter that I work;" and in that hereafter she has met, we believe, the great reward of those "who, doing it unto the least of these my brethren, have done it unto Me." A little more than three years ago she buried her husband, a worthy man and active trustee in one of the Methodist churches in New Haven, and shortly after she resigned her position in the asylum and removed to Kansas, where she possessed some property. Last summer she returned to New England, and after a delightful visit to her friends, left in October for her pleasant home in Manhattan, where she was soon stricken with the paralysis which, after long months of great suffering, terminated her life. True to her constant habit, she was in the Sunday-school, engaged with the lesson of her class, when the blow fell; and all the pain which followed it, was borne, to the last hour, with fortitude and resignation. She died peacefully at the end, in comforting hope and trust; leaving to her bereaved children a legacy of good deeds richer than gold, and to many mourning friends the sweet consolation of the happy thought, "Servant of God, well done!"

EMILY B. JOHNSON, of Enfield, N. H., fell asleep in Jesus, Sept. 11, 1872, aged 69 years—leaving one son and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Rev. Richard W. Humphries, now stationed at Philadelphia, Pa.

Sister Johnson has long been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a lover of its doctrines and discipline. In the various relations of life to which she has been called, she has ever taken her religion with her; and in no place has she disowned Christ. And not only her motto, but her life has been, "Holiness to the Lord." Indeed her sick room, where she lingered long with consumption at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Franklin Bryant, was a place so near to heaven that it might well be said to be blessed above the common walks of life. No suffering was enough to lead her to complain; but always joyful, she recommended Christ as a complete saviour to all who called upon her. She was indeed a precious mother, and a true Christian.

CHAS. H. CHASE.

Mrs. MARY C. SOULE, wife of Hanson Soule, died in Etna, Me., Oct. 9, 1872, aged 70 years.

Blessed in youth with the counsels of God-fearing parents, she early in life gave her heart to Christ. Her life was from her youth a model of purity and love. Her piety shone out in daily life—not fitfully, but steadily. She was a mother of the right stamp, impressing truth upon the minds of her children; not alone by parade of words, but by a holy example. She counseled wisely. Her endeavor was to fit her children for life's work by cultivating habits of industry, being convinced that idleness is the gateway to crime; at the same time pointing out to them the snares that beset their pathway. She made home the most desirable place on earth to her husband. God gave her a wonderful influence over her family.

Here death was in harmony with her life. Though suffering intensely for the past few months of life, she endured it all without a murmur. Calmly she "set her house in order," arranging all her affairs both with God and her family, distributing her gifts to each with a word of good counsel. Leaving messages of love and comfort for the absent ones, she closed her eyes, and was living in the better land.

C—n, Me.

J.

Died, in Suncook, N. H., Oct. 12, Mrs. FERNIS A. BARTLETT, wife of J. G. Bartlett, in the 38th year of her age.

Sister Bartlett became a Christian young in life, was a devoted and exemplary member of the Church, and loved by all who knew her. During a long illness, extending through years, there was most wonderfully and most remarkably fulfilled in her experience the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." She was cheerful, uncomplaining, and happy through it all, and died one of the most triumphant deaths it was ever our privilege to record.

Suncook, N. H., Oct. 14, 1872.

J. N.

Our excellent brother, L. S. MORTON, of Conway, N. H., departed this life, Oct. 15, in the blessedness of Christian peace. He was a man of very large business capacity and practice, and of strict integrity towards all. For many years an officer of the town, and since his conversion an official member of the Church. All had confidence in his Christian profession. His age was 52 years, 10 months, and 25 days.

J. HAWKS.

Died, in Woonsocket, Oct. 16, 1872, Mrs. ANGELINE GREEN, aged 52 years and 6 months.

Sister Green was an estimable woman, and a beloved member of our Church. Her sickness was painful, and singular; but years of attachment to Christ and His Church give us undoubted assurance that our loss is her gain.

C. NASON.

Died, in Leyden, Oct. 16, Mrs. PRISCILLA H. BASSETT, relict of the late J. J. Bassett, M. D., aged 68 years.

For many years the doctor and his wife were connected with the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Weston, Mass., having lived in Rowe, Westfield, Springfield, and Worcester, where he died, in 1854, after a short illness. Mrs. Bassett was in feeble health for many years. Her life was one of suffering, disappointment, and trial. She lived and died in the hope of a glorious immortality.

C. L. E.

RODNEY MOORE, for many years a local preacher, died in Farmington, Me., Aug. 18, aged 85 years.

He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in early manhood, and continued a worthy member till he passed to the Church triumphant.

WILLIAM TUCK died Oct. 18, in full assurance of immortality, aged 70 years.

Brother Tuck had for many years been a friend of religion, but one of the doubting class. About a year ago he ventured to offer himself for membership in the church. In due time he was baptized, and received into full connection. His doubts gradually left him, and the clear light at length shone upon his soul. His closing hours were triumphant.

S. ALLEN.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Dedication, at Collinsville, Conn. Nov. 30
 Boston District Sunday-school Convention, at
 Amherst, Nov. 21
 Norwich District Preachers' Meeting, at Wil-
 lamsburg, Dec. 2-4
 St. Albans District Preachers' Association, at
 Colchester, Dec. 10-12

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. A. G. Button, Evanson, Ill.

"PURE DIAMONDS."—This new Sun-
 day School music book is meeting with
 wonderful success, 75,000 copies having
 been sold the first month. The reputa-
 tion of its author, and contributors is suf-
 ficient guarantee that it is an attractive
 collection of Sunday school music.

James R. Murray, Geo. F. Root, P. P.
 Bliss, N. R. Palmer, J. H. Tenney, and a
 host of other popular writers have con-
 tributed to "Pure Diamonds," which
 promises to become the most successful
 of the kind ever published.

It is published by S. Brainard's sons,
 Cleveland, O., and is sold by all book-
 sellers.

THE HOME SAVINGS BANK in the new
 Masonic Temple, corner of Tremont and
 Boylston streets, has not lost one dollar
 on account of any mortgage; having no
 money loaned on property burned by the
 late fire.

Among the board of management of
 this institution are many of the most sa-
 gacious business men of Boston. Its suc-
 cess is a theme of general remark in busi-
 ness circles. In two years and eight
 months it had made and paid its deposi-
 tors three hundred, eighty-five thousand
 dollars, in dividends at the rate of six
 and seven per cent per annum.

It receives deposits, and pays deposi-
 tors daily as heretofore.
 Money deposited in this bank on or
 before Dec. 1st, will then be put upon
 interest.

We commend the Home Savings Bank
 and its management to all who desire to
 save their money, and have it steadily
 increasing by having good dividends
 added to the principal every April and
 October, free of all taxes.

This bank has a good surplus, and will
 pay not less than at the rate of six per
 cent, in April next.

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the BEST and
 CHEAPEST Hair Dressing in the world.
 It promotes the GROWTH of the HAIR,
 and is entirely free from all irritating mat-
 ter. The name and title thereof is adopted
 as a Trade-Mark, to secure the public and
 proprietors against imposition by the in-
 troduction of spurious articles. All un-
 authorized use of this Trade-Mark will be
 promptly prosecuted.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—I find your Hive
 Syrup and Tolu an excellent remedy for
 Whooping Cough and Croup, especially
 for the former, which is prevailing in a
 neighborhood south of us. I must not be
 out of the Syrup; please forward me a
 supply without delay. W. O. AUSTIN.

WHITE PIGEON, Mich.
 See advertisement in another column.

DR. MILLER'S MAGNETIC BALM is purely
 vegetable, and has no equal as a pain
 curer. It cures so promptly that many
 claim that it contains magnetism. 25 cts.
 per bottle.
 See advertisement in this paper.

WIDE AWAKE YOUTH'S PAPER.—For
 judicious editing, select and popular
 contributors, and sprightly, entertaining
 reading, the *Youth's Companion* of Bos-
 ton, has no superior among the youths'
 publications.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT AND
 OF SOME OF THE DISEASES PRODUCED
 BY IT.—A sallow or yellow color of skin,
 or yellowish brown spots on face and
 other parts of the body; dullness and
 drowsiness with frequent headache; diz-
 ziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth, dry-
 ness of throat, and internal heat; palpi-
 tation, in many cases a dry teasing cough,
 with sore throat, unsteady appetite, a
 raising of food, and a choking sensation
 in throat; distress, heaviness, or bloated
 or full feeling about stomach and sides,
 pain in sides, back or breast, and about
 shoulders; colic, pain and soreness
 through bowels, with heat; constipation,
 alternating with frequent attacks of diarr-
 hoea; piles, flatulence, nervousness, con-
 fusion of extremities; rush of blood to
 head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numb-
 ness of limbs, especially at night; cold
 chills, alternating with hot flashes, kid-
 ney and urinary difficulties; female weak-

ness and irregularities, with dullness,
 low spirits, unsociability and gloomy
 forebodings. Only a few of the above
 symptoms are likely to be present in any
 case at one time. All who use Dr.
 Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for
 Liver Complaint and its complications
 are loud in its praise. Sold by all druggists
 everywhere. 601.

A SEASONABLE WARNING.—Don't suffer
 cold to accumulate on cold until your
 throat and lungs are in a state of chronic
 inflammation. Attack the first symptoms
 of pulmonary irritation with *Hale's*
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 EGGS.—35 @ 36 cents per doz.

POULTRY—16 @ 24c. 7 B.

REMARKS.—At Vegetables, departments prices re-
 main unchanged. Eggs unchanged. Cheese 1/2 cent
 lower. The market for Flour is very firm for all
 choice Family grades.

Money Letters Received to Nov. 9.

W. M. Ayres, W. H. Adams, L. R. S. Brewster, A. L. D.
 Barrows, C. B. Bease, C. E. Bisbee, S. S. Brigham, A.
 Barnes, H. Butterfield, B. Bowles, G. Beatty, L. S. Bolton,
 T. Carrier, J. Cushing, I. E. Chase, O. Cole, C. H. Chase, G.
 W. H. Clark, W. Crozier, M. Conant, I. Carter, C. A. Cres-
 sey, E. K. Colby, C. Cochran, A. E. Drew, Z. E. Daily, N.
 B. Deveraux, C. G. Donham, S. S. Dudley, S. E. Evans,
 W. Emerson, J. H. Eastman, F. Furber, 2, S. A. Flagg, T.
 L. Flood, T. M. Gary, T. Gerrish, J. Gardner, H. Hen-
 shaw, Z. S. Haynes, J. Haynes, P. Higgins, E. C. Huxford,
 D. C. House, M. W. House, J. Harriman, D. D. Hudson,
 W. H. Hatch, N. Hobart, J. Hillman, E. H. Hatfield, W.
 F. Jones, W. S. Jones, G. P. Johnson, I. Lucie, A. B. Long-
 fellow, A. S. Ladd, E. Loomis, S. Leader, J. Ladd, D. P.
 Leavitt, 2, D. Larkin, J. Marsh, H. B. Mitchell, C. W.
 Milten, C. C. Mason, R. Morgan, Z. A. Mudge, S. Mc-
 Laughlin, W. W. Marsh, J. Merrill, J. Nixon, F. C. New-
 ell, G. W. Norris, M. G. Prescott, S. Parsons, S. H. Platt,
 G. W. Postree, R. Povey, J. O. Peck, G. G. Phelps, C. W.
 Porter, W. Prescott, F. H. Roberts, W. L. Rogers, H.
 Ripley, J. H. Stewart, W. Silverthorn, S. G. Smith, M.
 R. Stanford, G. De B. Stoddard, 2, J. F. Sheffield, W. W.
 Smith, N. A. Soule, O. W. Scott, D. J. Smith, S. E. San-
 born, S. Stiles, C. F. Taplin, C. W. Taylor, E. R. Thornd-
 ick, G. W. Thompson, C. F. Trussell, W. Wilkie, N.
 Webb, M. E. Wright, N. W. Wilder, B. C. Westworth, W.
 F. Whiteher.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from Nov. 2 to Nov. 9.

A. O. Abbott, J. Q. Adams, W. D. Ames, N. C. Alger, Geo.
 W. Adams, J. B. Brown, E. C. Berry, 2d, C. Beale, M. C.
 Beale, M. Butcher, A. R. Babcock, M. F. Coffin, Robert
 Clark, John Cobb, A. L. Cooper, D. Church, W. H. H.
 Deane, Geo. B. Dunham, A. J. Dearborn, G. F. Eaton, W.
 Emerson, S. E. Fife, E. S. Flanders, W. G. Fischer, J.
 W. Green, Geo. Hewes, D. C. House, H. S. Heath, W. J.
 Hancock, A. L. Kendall, D. N. Knight, C. H. Keeney, E.
 A. King, C. P. Knight, S. R. Leland & Co., G. H. Moul-
 ton, W. S. McIntire, J. A. Morelen, R. F. Murray, Geo. W.
 Norris, R. Newman, O. Pitts, Geo. W. Palke, R. Pritty,
 E. Redford, M. W. Robinson, J. B. Robinson, C. E.
 Springer, G. J. Seavey, A. R. Sylvester, J. L. Smith, L. M.
 Sinclair, A. F. Swift, J. Virgil, L. D. Wait.
 J. P. Magee, Agent, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

Church Register.

NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION SOCIETY.—The
 next regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Man-
 agers of this Society will be held in Wesleyan Hall,
 26 Bromfield Street, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7 o'clock
 P. M.

Life Directors of the Society have the right of voice
 and vote in meetings of the Managers, and it is very
 desirable that a full meeting should be had at this time,
 to determine the proper course of action in the present
 exigency of the funds.

Quarterly returns of beneficiaries, and new applica-
 tions for aid, will be presented at this meeting.
 Nov. 21. E. C. THOMAS, Secretary.

A meeting for the promotion of the experience of
 Christian holiness will be held at the vestry of Grace
 Church, Temple Street, on Monday, Nov. 25, at 7 P. M.

The meeting is called by an association of ministers
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W. F. MALLALIEU, Secretary.
 Wm. McDonald, President.

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 goon, and other places in India. It has also been sent
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 ertors are in possession of letters from persons of the
 highest character and respectability, testifying in un-
 equivocal terms to the cures effected and the satisfac-
 tory results produced, in an endless variety of cases by
 the use of this great medicine. That the Pain-Killer
 is deserving of all its proprietors claim for it is amply
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